

THE MESSENGER.

"AS THE TRUTH IS IN JESUS."

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Poetry.

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

EDMUND A. SEARS.



It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near
The earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King!"

The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Demons that angels strain have yelled
Two thousand years of wrong;

And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And yet, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Notes.

When God sends one angel to afflict He sends many more to comfort and console. —Chapin.

Our blessedness—and we may not miss that blessedness—is, that our treasures are treasured in a person, and are therefore inexhaustible.

"The very word humanity," says Mueller, "dates from Christianity." No such idea, and therefore no such term, was found among men before Christ came.

After all our lamenting and trembling, we may as well assure ourselves that God is intending to carry His work on to its completion. All the earth shall know of Jesus, whether with our eyes we see it or not. —United Presbyterian.

Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on forever;
Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love towards men of love—salvation
and release. —Keele.

The Christmas chimes are pealing high
Beneath the solemn Christmas sky,
And blowing winds their notes prolong
Like echoes from an angel's song:
Good will and peace, peace and good will,
Ring out the carols glad and gay,
Telling the heavenly message still,
That Christ the child was born to-day.

In lowly hut and palace hall
Peasant and king keep festival,
And childhood wears a fairer guise,
And tender shine all mother-eyes.
The aged man forgets his years;
The mirthful heart is doubly gay;
The sad are cheated of their tears;
For Christ the Lord was born to-day.

The country pastors are the happiest and best cared for where they give their whole time to the work of the ministry. When a pastor insists upon running a farm, a mill, a school, a blacksmith's shop, a tannery, a post-office, an insurance agency, and a sewing machine agency in connection with the oversight of four churches, the said churches are not often known to be in a breakneck hurry to raise his salary. —Religious Herald.

The shepherds sing; and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymn for Thee?
Awake, glad heart! get up and sing!
It is the birthday of thy King.
Awake! awake!

Communications.

For the Messenger.
Immanuel.



IMMANUEL is God's response to the song-uttered cry of the human soul. Man's highest need is the need of God, the Father-God.

It is true, indeed, that some are seeking to day to dispense with God.

They are endeavoring to eliminate Him from His own universe as a useless factor. They cry: "Away with God! He is only a disturbing element in life and thought." In matter with its inherent forces they profess to see "the promise and the potency of all things." Given matter and force, and the universe, they tell us, will evolve itself by internal necessity. To speak of God, they assure us, is to speak of what is practically a nonentity; for even if His existence should be granted, He is of necessity altogether unknowable, and, as far as the universe is concerned, absolutely useless.

Such is the idiotic gibbering of much of the so-called science of the day, which would imprison man in nature and forbid him ever to look beyond the walls of his narrow cell; which would have him believe that it is irrational to cry to a God above the world and trust in a Providence that rules the destinies of heaven and earth; which would deprive him of the only One to whom, in the hour of his anguish, he can lay bare his heart, and from whom alone he can expect sympathy and help. Were such science never so true for the head with its cold merciless logic, it would ever be false for the heart, for the conscience, and for whatever is highest and noblest in man. The needs of humanity—needs which the atheistic scientist feels and vainly endeavors to suppress,—the universal spiritual needs of humanity will ever give such a godless theory the lie.

And so, feeling the insufficiency of atheism which regards God as a thought, others have sought satisfaction for their higher needs in a system which makes Him everything. In the Pantheist's God we might indeed seem to have Immanuel—God with us. But after all, what is this great World-Soul to an awakened and thoroughly earnest man? It may be all-pervading, but its presence gives him no light save what is reflected from the page of nature. When he asks for counsel, this divinity maintains unbroken silence, and lets him trace out the intricate mazes of life as best he can. When he calls for succor, it can bring none. When any anguished soul pours forth its sorrows, it can find in the Pantheist's God no listening ear, no sympathizing heart. When dangers gather around man's head, he can find no refuge in the bosom of this deity; for the forked lightning, and the rolling thunder, and the howling storm are only self-manifestations of this God. And when guilt weighs one

down and makes him tremble before the coming judgment, he can never hope to hear from this universal spirit the word of pardon that is to bring peace.

No; it is only a personal God that can meet the needs of the personal soul. And that God must not be one who holds Himself aloof from His earthly children, never addressing them, never entering into fellowship with them, but sitting isolated on some distant throne in proud contemplation of His glory. If our God was the God of the deist, we should be orphans indeed. Could any lot be more pitiable, than that He should have created us only to cast us off at once and forever from His Fatherly care; that He should have implanted in us an instinct to seek Him, and yet should never break the stillness of eternity to make Himself known to us; should never lend a listening ear to our importunities, or stretch out an arm for our deliverance? Of what avail is it for us to know that He is the great First cause, the superior Being, the Almighty Framer of the universe, if He has left us to ourselves without His guardian care, or if no tears or cries, however bitter, can disturb His repose, or kindle in His heart a parent's love?

Our highest need is the need of a Father-God, whose anxious eye watches over all our steps, whose tender heart beats responsive to our own, and whose strong arms encircle us in love. And such a God we have in "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." He is that infinite Father for whom our souls are ever craving, whose eye never slumbers, whose love never dies. He did not wait till we, His erring children, should return to Him; but seeing us afar off, lost amid the darkness of earth, and perishing with hunger for Him, He came to meet us, and bid our weary spirits repose on His bosom.

"O that Thou wouldst read the heavens, and come down." Such was the cry that reached His ears. And He did read the heavens and come down. He came with all the freshness of His life, out of eternity into time; came in human form in the person of Jesus, the Lord of glory. "God was in Christ." It was God who looked on men through the eyes of Jesus; God who smiled on men in the face of Jesus; God who addressed men through the voice of Jesus; God who blessed men with the hands of Jesus. In Jesus we have Immanuel, God with us. O. T.

God comes to dwell in mortal flesh,
He comes in childlike form;
Not with imperial pomp He comes,
Nor riding on the storm.

For the Messenger.

Three Appeals.



SINCE the meeting of Synod at Sunbury I have received three special appeals, each asking for immediate aid, and each for a larger amount of gifts during the current, than was received during the previous, Synodical year. The first came from the Executive Committee of the Board of Foreign Missions, giving a concise statement of the condition of the treasury, and the present pressing need of funds. This circular, I presume, was mailed to all the pastors (east and west), being addressed to the English and German Synods alike. The second came from the Board of Home Missions, and was issued by the Superintendent, Rev. A. Carl Whitmer, accompanied by a leaflet, stating definitely what has been done: what we are called to do: our present great need: and asking will you help to do it? The income last year was only \$16,000; but the Board needs \$21,000 to sustain its 54 missions, not to speak of funds for enlarging its operations. This circular, I presume, was sent to all the pastors of the three Eastern English Synods.

These circulars were followed by another, coming from Superintendent Thos. M. Yundt, representing that the number of church orphans in Bethany Orphans'

Home is larger this year than it ever was before and, therefore, the institution needs not only continued but increased support. This appeal was addressed, as I may assume, only to the pastors of the mother synod.

One appeal has gone to all the synods; two have gone to the three Eastern English Synods; and all three have addressed the pastors and churches of the Old Synod.

This original organization, still rightfully bearing the title it assumed in 1793, (the "Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States"), has 458 congregations and 76,030 members; being still by far the strongest and wealthiest district synod. About one third of all the congregations and something less than one half of the entire membership of the Reformed Church are to be found within its bounds.

Agreeably to the statement given by the "condensed triennial summary" of the Minutes of the late General Synod, 1887, the amount contributed by these 458 congregations for benevolent purposes during the Synodical year, 1886, was \$59,744. This sum is \$12,539 more than the total contributed during the previous year. Compared with the year 1884, the sum total given in 1886 is larger by \$14,039.

In the Synod of Pittsburgh the sums given for benevolent purposes in 1885 and in 1886 are less than in 1884. This Synod has 130 congregations and 12,989 members.

The Synod of the Potomac has 291 congregations and 30,674 members. In 1886 this body contributed for benevolence \$32,912. This sum is \$2,943 more than in 1884; and is \$10,984 more than was given in 1885.

In view of these figures, what answer is to be given to the first two circulars on missions—Home and Foreign—addressed to these three synods? And, in addition, what answer is to be given by the Mother Synod to the call for help from the Home of the Orphans at Womelsdorf?

Possibly there may be some pastors or consistories who, at first view, may think that the calls are too many and the demands too large. But a little reflection, I think, may convince every one that it will be comparatively an easy matter to make an affirmative response to each of the circulars; and furnish these boards all the money they need. Let the Mother Synod advance in the amount of her offerings in proportion to her progress during the previous two years. Let the Synod of the Potomac advance in the same proportion, or let this body increase her gifts only in the sum of \$3,000, or \$4,000. And let the Synod of Pittsburgh make a general effort to accomplish in 1888 what was done in 1884. If, in this proportion, we aim at growth in liberal giving in all the pastoral charges of these three synods, the wants represented by these circulars will all be supplied. Such progress can be made without oppression of any pastoral charge or classis, and to all with spiritual gain.

Consider that the membership of the mother Synod will probably reach 80,000 during the year 1888. Last year the amount given for benevolent purposes, averaged a fraction over 78½ cents per member. If this average be raised no higher than to 90 cents per member, the increase of income will be about \$7,000-00. But why limit the estimated average to 90 cents per member?

Consider the earthly prosperity with which the thrifty population within the bounds of this Synod have been favored. There has been an increase of wealth. Has there been corresponding growth in consecration? The financial resources of our membership are on an average greater than during any previous year. If we take into account our general prosperity, our increase of wealth, the question arises whether \$1.00 per member would in reality indicate greater liberality than 87 cents per member in 1886?

I am speaking only of an average advance in liberality. Some congregations, owing to local circumstances, may not be able to make such advance. Others, owing to lack of training, may not have the will, or may imagine that they do not have the ability. But these cases are not

the criterion of judgment. There are many congregations that average two dollars or three dollars per member. I am acquainted with a church that a short time ago averaged \$4.00 per member. One pastoral charge is reported to have given last year as much for benevolent purposes as it gave towards the support of the pastor. I do not imply, nor do I believe, that this is the only pastoral charge of the kind.

Our branch of the Reformed Church is growing; growing intensively and extensively. Spiritual life is reviving. There is much theological thought, and much practical activity. These two phases of Christianity show signs of advancing together. There is a growing desire for better knowledge of Christian truth, and a growing desire for effective action in the service of the Master. The great majority of the people are responsive to the inbreathing of the Holy Ghost, and take a profound interest in revealed truth, in systematic work, and aggressive activity.

Let us cultivate confidence in the Christian spirit of our membership. They have warm hearts and liberal hands. If in the boldness of faith we present the claims of Jesus Christ they will respond with cheerful will; my, thousands will rejoice for the opportunity and privilege of laying larger offerings on the altar of the Gospel.

E. V. G.

His mission is to save the world,
To comfort the forlorn,
Yet in no dazzling shape appears,
But as a Babe is born.

The Christmas-Glory.



WERE it known that the glory of the angels in the Christmas-sky would be reproduced this present festival, would not many take long journeys to witness it? Such splendor was in the sky that night, the lustre of a single angel's form growing, brightening to the wonderful, dazzling glory of that "multitude of the heavenly host praising God!" How many sad ones would be cheered, tempted ones encouraged, and some doubting ones be strengthened in their faith, if they could see that splendor! It did not tarry long. It came suddenly and went in a few minutes, leaving the shepherds in the dark, their mute, wondering faces turned up toward the sky! And yet it has been a different world ever since the night of that transient splendor. If we could only bring it back! If we could make those dazzling heavens hang before some one in weariness, sadness, weakness, doubt, would it not be a privilege? We can do something. If we cannot put all that glory back, some ray we may reproduce.

"Glory to God in the highest," sang the Christmas-angels. When men see us putting down self and putting God on the throne, when we deny some appetite in our regard for His glory, when we put to death a personal ambition that we may give life to His work, when we conquer avarice in His strength, when we keep ourselves free from the blot of dishonesty and impurity, that we may bring no stain to Christ's name, then we bring glory to God and virtually recall to men the angelic song and the angelic splendor. When we are in some trial and men say, "Curse God and die," do we refuse, and looking up, still trust God, seeing the light beyond the darkness, a golden sky beyond the storm? Then others will look up and they may catch the brightness that gives us hope. Some ray of the Christmas-glory may shine for them.

"And on earth, peace," the angels sang. When we smother some ebullition of anger, when we turn out of doors an old grudge against a neighbor, when we cross the street to shake hands with an enemy, when we try to revive the friendship once existing between two in the same church, what wonder if men hear the angels singing and, looking up, catch flashes of the wonderful Christmas-glory?

"Good will towards men," sang the angels. When our lives are full of sympathy and fellowship, when our coal kindles the fire on some poor man's hearth, when our food takes away some orphan's hunger and our clothing covers its naked back, when our ministry eases the pain of a neighbor's sickness, when our money goes to some mission-treasury to bind all souls into that blessed brotherhood of which Christ is the Living Head, then will not men think of the Christmas-strains, and look up to see its glory in the sky?

We are not equal to the accomplishment of any grand service for Christ in one supreme, heroic effort. Martyrs don't burn at every street-corner. We may do a little though, every day, towards bringing glory to Christ and good to others.

"Make it bright," said a dying woman to a Christian neighbor who prayed with her amid the shadows of death. When the dark gathered about her again, she remembered her plea, "Make it bright!" To some one in darkness, by exalting our Heavenly Father's wisdom and care, by our reconciling and helping spirit, by our life and by our prayers, we can bring back to a dark sky some ray of the Christmas glory, and so take comfort and hope to sad, weary souls.—*Selected.*

*The light that shone o'er Bethlehem's plain
Is radiant, pure and calm;
The Heavenly host in softest strain
Sing forth the joyful psalm.*

For The Messenger.

Missionary Notes.

By Rev. A. C. Whitmer, Superintendent of Missions.

What the Pastors Say.



AST November I sent to the pastors in the Eastern, Pittsburgh and Potomac Synods a copy of *Leaflet Number One* and an *Appeal*, urging special interest and activity in securing for our Board \$22,000 this year. Following are some

answers:

Rev. W. F. More, Catsauqua, Pa.: Situated as we are we feel the full force of your words. Our apportionment is paid, and I think we can double it. To my mind the missionary societies furnish the best ground for hope that the demands of the

Rev. W. H. H. Snyder, Bellefonte, Pa.: This is a good thing. Let the *Leaflet* be spread broadcast like the leaves of the forest.

Rev. E. R. Eschbach, D. D., Frederick, Md.: We will need all of \$21,000, and I believe with proper effort it can be raised. I will do any part toward it. Send me 200 copies of the *Leaflet*. My classical apportionment for home missions (\$215) is paid; and as much more for church building is to be raised, and other claims not apportioned must be met; but I will raise \$100 additional for your treasury within the year.

Rev. C. R. Dieffenbacher, Greensburg, Pa., after naming the many urgent calls that are pressing for attention, says: "My whole heart is in the matter. I will do all I possibly can. If you arrange to visit a number of our charges I will be delighted to have you here. It will do my people great good."

Rev. F. B. Hahn, Meadville, Pa.: Insist, my good brother, on systematic benevolence in every article and leaflet. This plan must be employed along the whole line.

Encouraging.

The humble little mission at Overton, Pa., has a missionary society that works nobly. Lately in answer to the *Appeal* and *Leaflet* sent out, the pastor, Rev. C. H. Mutschler, writes:

"To-day I sent \$15.00 for home missions to the treasurer of our Classis, and will send some more soon. I brought the matter up in our missionary society to-day. By another meeting I think we shall have \$5.00 more. These are small figures; but when I think of our few and poor members, and compare their gifts with those of their more able brethren and sisters, I think they are large. If all our church members would give proportionately, what handsome sums could be raised!"

A Pleasant Surprise.

Rev. R. Leighton Gerhart, Kansas City, writes under date of November 19, 1887: "We have had services every evening this week, the subject being prayer and supplication for the unity and prosperity of our congregation. On Tuesday evening on my return from the church, I was surprised to find the parsonage filled with people. About forty were present, representing a large majority of the members, with some nice presents. This is certainly encouraging."

*They tell of One of highest name,
Whose wondrous choice is made,
Of David's Son and David's Lord
Now in the manger laid.*

Family Reading.

A Christmas Hymn.

BY ELEANOR A. HUNTER.



ROM every spire on Christmas Eve,
The Christmas bells ring clearly out
Their message of good-will and peace,
With many a call and silver shout.

For faithful hearts, the Angels' song

Still echoes in the frosty air,
And by the altar low they bow,
In adoration and in prayer.

A thousand blessed memories throng—
The stars are holy signs to them,
And from the eyes of every child
Looks forth the Babe of Bethlehem.

But there are others—not like these,
Whose brows are sad, whose hopes are crossed,

To whom the season brings no cheer,
And life's most gracious charm is lost.

To whom that Story, old and sweet,
Is but a fable at the best.

The Christmas music mocks their ears,
And life has naught of joy, or rest.

Oh! for an angel's voice to pierce
The clouds of grief that o'er them rise,
The mists of doubt, and unbelief,
That veil the blue of Christmas skies;

That they, at last, may see the light
Which shines from Bethlehem, and unfold
For Christ, the treasures of their hearts,
Richer than spicery or gold.

Hope of the Ages, draw Thou near,
'Till all the earth shall own Thy sway,
And when Thou reign'st in every heart
It will indeed be Christmas Day.

—*Advance.*

What Mabel did Christmas Morning.



HE grey dawn of Christmas morning peeped through the dingy windows of the Grand Union Depot. The rays of light fell upon the face of a boy about twelve years of age, and awakened him from his

sleep. The boy opened his eyes and in a bewildering manner looked about him. He was all alone in the large waiting-room. He arose from his seat and walked about, but there was no one to be seen. He went up to the ticket office, but that was closed. He was cold, and stepped to the large stove in the middle of the room to get warm, but the fire was out. He went to one of the outside doors of the waiting-room and tried to open it, but it was locked; he tried the other doors, they were locked too. The little fellow looked very sad, and the tears began to come in his eyes. Presently he heard some one unlocking one of the doors, and a man came in.

"How did you get in here, and what are you doing?" he asked in a tone of astonishment, as soon as he closed the door behind him.

"I was left," replied the boy. "I must have gone to sleep and let my brother go in the train without me."

"Brother? Did you have a brother with you? Why didn't he wake you up and take you along with him, I wonder?"

The man kindled the fire, and then he went out and came back bringing a policeman with him.

"What are you doing here?" asked the officer in a gruff tone of voice. "Don't you know it is against our rules to allow passengers to stay all night in the depot?" The little fellow burst into a flood of tears.

"Please sir, I was left, I was, and went to sleep, and didn't know anything about it until morning. My brother, he told me to sit here while he went to get the tickets, and that is all I know about being left."

"Where did you come from?" asked the man with the gilt buttons.

"Chicago, sir; we got here in the nine o'clock train."

"Where are you going?"

"To Kansas. My brother was promised a job there. My cousin wrote that he better come as soon as he could."

"Kansas is a large State, boy. What is the name of the town you were going to?"

"I don't remember, sir. I think I never heard it called anything only Kansas."

"Where are your folks—your father and mother?"

"They are both dead, sir. They died three months ago of typhoid fever. My brother had it bad, too. He wasn't real well when he started."

"How old is your brother?"

"Twenty-one, sir."

"He is old enough to take care of you, I should think. A case of desertion," the policeman said to the depot master.

"Don't you think your brother wanted to get rid of you, Bub, and left you on purpose?"

"O, no, sir. My brother was very kind to me; we are the only two of our family left, and he promised mother he would always take care of me."

"Well, sit down there," again said the officer, in a more kindly tone of voice, "and wait until the ticket office is open, and you will probably find a despatch there for you."

The boy sat down, and the policeman went out. As soon as the window of the ticket office was opened, he went up and asked if there was a despatch for James Alison. The ticket man asked the telegraph operator, but he said "No, there was none."

The boy went back to his seat with a heavy heart. People began to fill up the seat in the waiting-rooms. Trains were coming in and going out. The boy looked intently at every new comer, evidently expecting to see the familiar face of his brother.

The policeman came in and announced the outgoing of different trains, some from the left side of the depot, others from the right. Passengers got up and hurriedly went out.

Soon a very sweet-faced little girl came in, and took a seat next to the boy. Her whole face was beaming full of happiness. She looked very kindly at the young traveler seated beside her; probably she saw traces of tears upon his face, for she said in a very kindly tone of voice, "Merry Christmas!"

The boy seemed astonished; he had forgotten all about Christmas, but he said "Thank you, I wish you the same."

"Are you going far?" asked the little girl.

"I am going to Kansas, but I got left here last night."

"Have your folks gone on without you?"

"I was going with my brother, but we lost each other, somehow, in the depot. The policeman says he thinks he will send a despatch for me."

"That is perfectly dreadful!" exclaimed the little girl. "You must be terribly frightened and lonesome. Haven't you had any breakfast?"

"I don't want any; I am not a bit hungry," replied the boy.

"But you must eat something, or you will be sick. Come to the lunch counter with me, and have something, please. You know it is Christmas morning."

Before the boy was hardly aware of it, he found himself standing by the lunch counter. The little girl laid a quarter of a dollar on the counter, and said to the man in waiting, "Please give this boy a good breakfast. There's the whistle of Aunt Jennie's train, and I must run up and meet her."

The little girl ran out, and when the train stopped, a lady jumped off from the platform of one of the cars, and throwing her arms around the little girl's neck, said, "You darling little Mabel, how glad I am to see you!"

"I came all alone by myself to meet you, dear auntie, but Tom is on the other side of the depot with the carriage." She took hold of her auntie's hand and led her to the carriage, and they both got in and drove off. They went up the hill south of the depot, and stopped in front of a large house. The door opened, and a gentleman and lady and three little children came out to meet them. "So glad to see you, Aunt Jennie!" they all exclaimed in one tone of voice, and all tried to kiss her at once.

"O papa!" exclaimed Mabel, after the greetings were over, "there is a little boy in the depot who is lost—left last night—he says he fell asleep and his brother went off in the train without him. He hadn't had a bite of breakfast, and I told the lunch-counter man to give him some, and gave him one of my Christmas quarters to pay for it."

"I never saw such a girl as you are!" exclaimed Mabel's mother. "You are always picking up somebody that wants something."

"Well, mamma, it is dreadful to be left alone in a strange depot and nobody to care for you, and upon Christmas morning too! Papa, I do wish you would go back with me and see about it."

"Why, my daughter, the depot-master will take care of the stray boy. Probably he has found his brother by this time."

"Dear papa, I am so afraid that he hasn't. He had such a sorry face. Please, papa, go back with me and find out all about it. Those hard-hearted men might take him to the police station."

Papa's little girl was a child after his own heart. He was quite apt to listen to her appeals when they were for people in trouble, so he put on his overcoat, and excusing himself to Aunt Jennie, went to the depot.

The boy was sitting where Mabel had found him early in the morning.

"Haven't you found your brother yet?" she asked.

"No," replied the boy.

"Well, this is my papa, and perhaps he can do something for you."

The gentleman questioned the boy and soon learned his story.

His father and mother died of typhoid fever three months before. His brother had sold what little furniture they had to go to his cousin in Kansas, but the boy did not know the name of the place.

"What is to be done with him?" asked Mabel's father, as the policeman came up just at that moment.

"Take him to some charitable institution until his brother turns up, I suppose," answered the officer.

"O papa, please let him come home with us," said Mabel. "There are lots

of things he could do, to help you. It is awful on Chris-mas Day to have no father or mother, no home, or anybody. I know he is all right, and his story is true. I can see it in his face. I know I won't be able to swallow a mouthful of our Christmas dinner if he is here all alone looking so sorry."

"Come with us, boy, and perhaps we shall hear from your brother before night."

"Judge Munger, I believe?" said the policeman.

"Yes, and if any inquiries are made concerning the boy, you will know where to find him. I will be responsible for him."

"All right, sir."

The family were all interested in the young stranger, and the children each had a Christmas gift for him. Aunt Jennie said she did not know when she had met such a gentlemanly boy.

Months passed away. Nothing was heard from the missing brother. Judge Munger had become very much interested in James Alison, and had placed him in the public school.

One morning the Judge saw among the personals in the newspaper—

WANTED—To know the whereabouts of James Alison, a boy about twelve years of age, who was left at the Grand Union Depot in this city last December. Any one having any information concerning the boy, will please address Robert Alison, St. Luke's Hospital.

Judge Munger ordered his carriage, and went immediately to the hospital, where he found the long lost brother. That was an affecting meeting between those two loving brothers. Robert Alison had gone out of the depot, after seating his brother there, to get fresh air, as he was feeling faint from the over-excitement of the long journey, so soon after his severe sickness. He had fallen upon the sidewalk in a fainting fit, and had injured his head. He was taken up and carried to the hospital. A long sickness followed, in which he was unconscious most of the time. In his convalescence he had immediately begun a search for his little brother.

"Since I have been better, I have prayed day and night that I might find little Jamie. I was afraid, he had fallen into bad hands. Our dying mother's prayer was answered. God has taken charge of him."

The sick brother soon recovered, and found work in the city, and Judge Munger kept the younger brother in his own home, and proposes giving him as good an education as he wishes to have.

Mabel says that was the merriest, happiest Christmas day of her life.—*New York Evangelist.*

*May we be like that Holy Child,
And lowly as was He,
That we God's children may be called,
His face in glory see.*

One View of Christmas.

BY BISHOP P. F. STEVENS



HE festival of Christmas is now a season of universal rejoicing and pleasure throughout all Christendom. Nay, there is scarcely a country upon the face of the globe, unless in the heart of Africa or Asia, where there are not some individuals and families to whom this season brings joy and gladness.

The mill, the forge, the factory, the workshop, the mart, the exchange, every place of busy toil is silent and deserted; every instrument of weary labor, save the ever-rushing iron horse, is laid aside; and young and old, rich and poor, high and low, learned and unlearned, godly and ungodly, Christian and infidel, Protestant, Romanist and Greek—all in freedom and in rest, are happy, receiving and giving joy. And why? Because nearly nineteen centuries ago a poor, humble, Jewish child was born in a stable of the little town of Bethlehem! What a world-testimony to the Kingship of Jesus Christ.

To those who rightly and truly appreciate this season, the reasons of their joy need no be told, save that they love to hear and tell them o'er and o'er again.

To them the wondrous incarnation of God the Son, the lowly birth of the Son of God; the mighty gift of God's love, for the salvation of sinners; the day-spring of hope and life upon a ruined world; the song burst of angelic sympathy in the marvelous event—all are subjects of intensest interest and deepest joy; filling them with praise to God and overflowing love making glad all around them. Would that all who have part in the outward manifestations of the season, truly shared in its real gladness!

Two sad thoughts pour their bitterness into this cup of general rejoicing. How vastly many are utterly dead to the real pleasure of this season! To the great majority of the merry-makers it is only a season of brief rest from the toils and cares of life, and a moment of self-gratification in the indulgence of the flesh, without a thought of gratitude to God for the gift of His Son to take our nature upon Him that we might live and not die. How offensive must such merriment appear in the sight of heaven.

This very acknowledgement of the Kingship of Christ must increase the con-

demnation of all those who give Him no other honor, no other reverence than their selfish fleshly pleasure-taking upon the celebration of His birth! Will not this their own heedless, thoughtless, reckless, selfish, unintentional testimony to His claims, add a thousand fold to their sorrow when beholding Him in the brightness of His glory, they shall have no part in Him, and all their present laughter shall be turned to weeping and mourning?

May every Christian in his Christmas joy strive earnestly to make all around him glad with his spirit's living gladness.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

*Christmas bells are ringing, ringing,
On this fair December morn:
Children joyful songs are singing
Of a little babe that's born:—
Born in Bethlehem, tell the story,
Christ is born, the King of glory.*

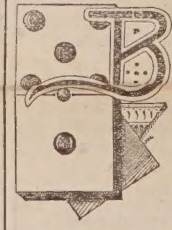
The Richest Things for Him.



RANKINCENSE is a gum obtained from a tree that grows in several eastern countries. Its name means, to burn freely, and it is described in this way because when burned it freely gives out a fragrant odor. On this account it was very much prized

by the Jews, who were in the habit of getting it from Arabia, and who used it in the temple worship. It was a part of the holy incense which the priests burned every morning and evening at the hour of prayer. Myrrh is also a precious gum, and it was employed in making ointments and perfumes. You are right in thinking that the wise men brought the best things they could to the infant Jesus. Although He was only a little babe, they bowed before Him as before a mighty king, and these offerings were intended to show their respect and reverence for Him. He was in the manger then, is now on His throne in heaven, and to day, if we will, we may offer Him the gold of loving hearts, the incense of earnest prayers, and the sweet odor of lives spent in His service.

Christmas.



RING the holly and the evergreen into the temple of God, for Christ was born to-day. Let the heavens be joyful and the earth glad. Swell the angels' song, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Let loud hal-lelujahs swell His praise.

Angels, principalities, and powers failed to gain the blessing; man alone was the recipient—poor, feeble man, because he was made in God's own image. Infinite the boon—man made heir of all salvation. Incomprehensible the thought to finite minds—we cannot grasp infinity, we are overwhelmed with the theme; our feeblest praises fail to utter half our gratitude. Heaven's arches rang with the glad Christmas song, and shall not man sound the loud cymbals, utter praises with the harp and psaltery and voice.

Let inanimate nature, too, rejoice. Shout all ye rocks and hills, Christ was born to day; sing all ye brooks and rivers, Christ was born to-day; wave ye tall pines and cedars, spread abroad the glad news Christ was born to day, till pole to pole shall echo back the glad note of praise. Shine brighter ye stars of heaven, thou glorious orb of day, and moon, so silently pursuing thy onward course, for Christ was born to-day in Bethlehem of Judea—Christ our ransom, our deliverer from eternal death; Christ our justification, our sanctification, our redeemer. "Precious name, O how sweet!" We shall never tire in another world of the glad song of Moses and the Lamb of redemption, when we see the pardon Christ purchased for us.—*Selected.*

*Glory in the highest, glory,
Peace on earth, good will toward men;
Hear the angels' blessed story:
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Christ the Saviour born this day
Came to take our sins away.*

Hint For Christmas.

No one should suffer a Christmas to pass by without doing something to make some lonely or care-burdened heart happier. Set this good example before your children; let them have it to think of in after years that "mother" never once allowed a Christmas to pass without doing good—bringing joy to the needy and sorrowing. Let them see that this is a part of your life. It will be an invaluable lesson to them, and a lesson which they will be likely to learn and practice all through their own lives. Teach them that this is pleasing in the sight of Him who "so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Youth's Department.

A Mother-Song.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.



LEEP, baby, sleep! The Christmas stars are shining,
Clear and bright the Christmas stars climb
up the vaulted sky:
Low hangs the pale moon, in the west declining.
Sleep, baby, sleep, the Christmas morn is nigh!

Hush, baby, hush! For earth her watch is keeping;
Watches and waits she the angels' song to hear;
Listening for the swift rush of their wings down sweeping,
Joy and peace proclaiming through the midnight clear.

Dream, baby, dream! The far-off chimes are ringing.
Tenderly and solemnly the music soars and swells;
With soft reverberation the happy bells are swinging,
While each to each responsive the same sweet story tells.

Hark, baby, hark! Hear how the choral voices,
All jubilantly singing, take up the glad refrain
"Unto you is born a Saviour," while heaven with earth rejoices,
And all its lofty battlements re-echo with the strain.

Wake, baby, wake! For lo! in floods of glory
The Christmas day advances over the hills of morn.
Wake, baby, wake, and smile to hear the story
How Christ, the Son of Mary, in Bethlehem was born.

—Baldwin's Monthly.

Guy Kelton's Shovel—A Christmas Story.

BY KATHARINE R. M'DOWELL.



Y, what a real good chance I've got to use my present!" exclaimed Guy Kelton, as he looked out of his window one morning in January, delighted to find that the snow had fallen during the night, and was still coming down. "Now, Nita"—as he met his sister a while after on the stairs—"don't let me forget to write Uncle Robert a letter to-night, for when he gave me the shovel I promised to send him an account of the first storm I should use it in."

"It seems almost too pretty to use," said Anita, admiringly, as they were standing together in the hall after breakfast, Guy putting on his things. "I wonder if I could see the initials on it from the library windows?"

"Of course you could," answered Guy; "the letters are so dark; and then their being on the light wood makes them still plainer; but sit in the window, anyway, Nita, and watch how I get along. This is the shovel's first day in the world, and it must make itself a name."

"How is that for a beginning?" he called; and Anita waved her work on high in the air in token of her approval.

But the little sister was not the only one who seemed interested in Guy's progress. A boy stood near the steps—a boy of about Guy's age, but there all resemblance ceased—a thin, clad, half-starved lad, who was rubbing his purple hands and stamping his benumbed feet as he kept his eyes fixed on Guy.

"Of course he wouldn't let me," he muttered. "He might, though, if it wasn't such a beauty. I've a mind to ask him anyway," and he half stepped forward. "But no; I don't dare"—as he resumed his old position.

"Strange that that fellow should hang around so," thought Guy. "I should think he'd go to work. Any one can shovel snow, and he could earn a good round sum such a day as this, instead of wasting his time staring at me."

But still he watched him, and when Guy, having finished his work, set the shovel against the railing, he met the same steady gaze.

"Have you ever shoveled any?" Guy at length inquired, as he rounded a snow-ball to send against the window where

Anita sat, as a signal that his work was done.

"Have I? Just let me show you," was the answer, as a ragged sleeve stretched toward the shovel.

Guy hesitated, but for a moment only, and in another the boy had the shovel, and was in the road tossing the feathery flakes far away.

"Bravo!" called Guy, watching him plunge into the mass of snow already heaped; "how you make it fly! Why, I believe you could have cleaned this walk in quarter the time it has taken me. Why don't you get a shovel and make your fortune?"

The face that had brightened at Guy's praise fell again at his question. That's just it. How can I? Who'd trust me?" he said, hopelessly.

"Why, anybody that had seen you work," said Guy, confidently. "You could pay for one by noon," he added, a moment later.

"I know it," said the boy, looking longingly at the shovel he held.

Another moment, and Guy was saying, "Takes my shovel until you earn enough to buy one for yourself; I will not need it any more to-day."

"Really!" cried the boy, his whole face flushed with joy. "You needn't be afraid to trust me," he added, hurriedly: "I'll promise to have it back here by noon." Then there was something said about a little brother ill at home, and Lottie gone to find something to eat, and no one to take care of them but him.

Guy did not catch all his words. He only remembered distinctly a last sentence. "My name is Alfred Kelly, and I never yet broke my word."

Anita's attention had been arrested by the snow-ball, and she had looked up to see Guy talking with a strange boy, who soon afterward was using the new shovel, while her brother clapped his hands in applause.

A few moments later, and the boy had shouldered the shovel, and was running with all his might up the street.

"He has stolen Guy's shovel," cried Anita, starting from her seat. "Stop him! stop him!" she called, rushing to the door. "O, Guy, can't you catch him?" as her brother came up the steps. "Chase him! Call some one!"

"Let him take it," said Guy, quietly. "You let him take it?" repeated Anita. "O, Guy, how could you? Mamma, Guy's shovel: he has loaned it to a boy that he doesn't know—that I don't believe he ever saw till to-day!"

"Not so fast," put in Guy, as Anita hurried her mother out on the stoop to see a pair of heels nearly out of sight. "When you hear all about it, mamma, I know you will say it was all right."

The day wore on. There was a ring at the bell. Anita rushed to the stairs, and then back to the sitting room.

"Tisn't him," she announced, ungrammatically; "and the street-lamps are being lit. What do you think now, mamma? And you, too, Guy?"

"O, I don't give him up," answered Guy, cheerfully.

"You don't; and why?"

"Because he promised."

"But he promised to be here five hours ago," argued Anita.

"Here Mary tapped at the door.

"A wee mite of a thing, ma'am, as says she wasn't big enough to lug it home. It's only herself, ma'am, as knows what she means. 'She's been all day, she says, a findin' of the house, and is out on the steps now a-crying' as though her heart'd break."

Guy had understood, and when Anita and her mother came down stairs it was to find a little girl in the hall clinging to his arm, and crying bitterly.

"He died thinkin' 'twas his'n," were the words they caught in spite of her tears. "Alf said you wouldn't blame him when you knew. It's right by him now," and the little frame shook with deep sobs, while the words came more broken still. "Alf wanted you to see it there, and told me to be sure and tell you all how he died thinkin' 'twas his'n."

"I must not stay. Alf told me to come for some one. O please come back with me," she implored of Guy. "He said he knew you would when I told you he was dead."

"Not Alfred!" moaned Anita, with repentant tears; "not dead!"

"Not him," said the little one, softly—"not him, I mean our little brother Georgy."

"It isn't far," said Lottie, as Guy, having hurried on his things, half led, half followed her in the direction she bade him. "Most there, 'most there," she re-

peated at every turn, tightening her hold on Guy, as though she feared he might leave her. "There, now we've past the last lamp, and it gets darker and darker; but I sha'n't get lost; so fear of that," as she led him into a narrow passage-way, then up some stairs that shook and cracked beneath her light weight.

"Alfred, I've brought him," she called, "and he came just so quick as he could, for I never found the house till a little while ago. And to-morrow his mother will come, and the little girl you saw in the window. And, Alf, he doesn't mind about the shovel. His sister said she didn't believe he'd care if he never saw it again."

But you must see it," said Alfred, as he took Guy's hand, "and let me tell you all about it—all how pleased he was, and how he thought I'd brought it to him for Christmas. O, I couldn't tell him," groaned Alfred, "that it wasn't meant for him, and he lookin' at it so lovin' like, and laughin' so glad when he catches sight of the letters."

"G for Georgy," says he, a-clappin' his little thin hands, "and K for Kelley," and, sure enough, I looked, and 'twas. And I couldn't but cry to see him so happy. 'Plainer,' says he, 'than on Joey's blocks, aint it?' Joey lives down-stairs, and brings up his blocks sometimes o' nights to play with 'em," and, pointing to the corner of the room where on a low bed Lottie nestled her head lovingly by the tiny pale face on the pillow, he gave a great sob.

Guy's tears fell fast as he mutely followed Alfred to the little bed.

"He is all rested now," smiled Lottie, sadly, as they approached, "Isn't he, Alfred? 'An angel,' you said."

A year has passed. Another Christmas is with us.

"I think you ought to bring your shovel up-stairs, Guy," Anita is saying—she and her mother deep in the mysteries of an enormous box—"for we wouldn't be so busy with all these surprises if it were not for it, you know."

"And yet, Nita, don't you remember how you wanted to take a last look at it that morning?"

"Indeed I do. I never supposed then that the time would come when it would look far more beautiful to me. What a history—hasn't it, Guy? And had you thought that it is just a year this very day since we went to see them in that cold, dark room?"

"Yes; and how you came home and wrote Uncle Robert all about it, I never knowing till his answer came."

"I'm so glad I did. Think how everything is changed, and all that uncle has done for them. Lottie so happy at Aunt Helen's, and Alfred doing so well; and then all these presents he has sent for them. I can put these in, you said, mamma; the hood on top this way, right next the furs, you see; now the mittens. There, isn't that bright, and doesn't it seem to wish one the gladdest sort of a Christmas?"—Harper's Young People.

Let us join the heavenly chorus.
Loud our Christmas anthems raise
To the Saviour reigning o'er us,
Who is worthy of all praise.

A Sunday-school Episode.

BY EVA LOVETT CARSON.

It was a few years ago, when I was a Sunday school teacher in a prominent Sunday-school. I had charge of a part of the infant class, about twenty little boys ranging in age from four to eleven years.

It was drawing near Christmas time, and all the children were looking eagerly forward to the Christmas tree. We always had a magnificent tree at St. —, the finest in the city every one said, and the children had very nice presents; every child getting a book, besides a box of candy. Christmas was made a grand festival in our Sunday school, and was planned and talked of for months before.

Just before Christmas one of my little scholars died. The child had been sick a long time with heart disease, but insisted on coming to Sunday-school whenever he felt well enough. Our banner was draped in black; and the children all felt sorry for the little boy we missed at the Christmas festival.

Mr. Blank, our good superintendent, had been to call upon the little boy's mother, and came to tell me about it.

"And I think, Miss C," said he, "I would send the book, which will be on the tree with the others, to Alfred's moth-

er. She will like to keep it, for Alfred's sake, I am sure."

It was a kind thought. So when the festival came, and all the little ones were rejoicing over their pretty books, and chattering gaily of the "lovely splendid tree" they had just seen, a little girl about twelve years old came up to speak to me. It was Alfred's sister. Mr. Blank had sent for her.

Speaking softly, I gave her the book that had Alfred's name written in it, and tried to say how sorry I felt about the little brother who had gone away. When I had finished speaking, the child still stood beside me and did not move.

"What is it, dear?" said I gently.

The little girl looked up quickly. "Don't Alfred get a box of candy too?" said she.

I gave a gasp, but with great presence of mind, sent Alfred the box of candy!—Good Cheer.

While the shepherds watch were keeping
Through the silent starry night,
O'er their flocks on hillside sleeping,
Lo! they saw a wondrous sight!
And they heard a gladsome singing
Thro' the vaulted heavens ringing.

The Blessing of Obeying the Golden Rule.



OBODY can follow the Golden Rule without, in one way or another, coming into a blessing. In the keeping of this law there is great reward.

On a Christmas day many years ago, when there was more forest than corn-land on the earth, a woodman was hastening to his home. The trees were bare of leaves, but snow was falling, and only one who knew the forest could have found his way in the gloom. There was a poor man with rough hands and coarse, home-spun clothing. Many a sad hour he had spent at his lonely toil in the wood, but on this particular day there is neither sadness nor look of poverty in his face. The joyful thought is in his heart, it is a half-holiday, and I am going to spend it eating a Christmas dinner with my wife and little ones.

As he made his way through the blinding snow, he heard the moaning of some one in distress. He stopped. He followed the sound, and at the foot of a tree, shivering with cold and hunger, and all white with flakes of snow, he found a strayed child. The sight went to his heart. The innocent grief, the tears, the wet clothes, the pinched face, made the tears come into his own eyes. He thought of his own children sitting beside the warm log-fire, and of the joy awaiting them that afternoon. His thoughts went back to the time when he was a child himself, and to the times without number, when like this child, he had lost his way in this very wood. Then he imagined himself, or one of his children, in the place of the child before him. What would his wish be if he, or a child of his, were in this child's place? It was the work of a moment to think all this. In less time than I have taken to tell it, he had lifted the child in his arms, and was hastening on as before. And by-and-by he came to the little hut which was his home. The mother and children were peering out through the half open door for the first sight of him, and waiting to give him a Christmas welcome home. But the child was a surprise. Who was this in father's arms, so pinched, so cold, so thinly clad? The story of finding him was told at once, and at once also both mother and children welcomed the little stranger to their home. Very soon the wet clothes had given place to dry, and the warmest corner at the fire-side was given up to him. How happy they all were in that hut that afternoon! Never had Christmas day been more joyfully spent. The humble cottage seemed to grow larger, the fire burned more brightly than ever they had known; and when they gathered at the table and stood up, after the manner of the good folk, to sing a Christmas carol by way of grace, it seemed as if every child had learned to sing more sweetly than before; and the poor, pinched, thin-looking stranger, sang louder and happier than them all; and with a voice that seemed to belong to heaven, it was so sweet. Then they sat down to their Christmas dinner. Everything tasted good. The black bread seemed not so black as its wont, and in the mouth it tasted like wheaten bread. The children noticed also that the pinched look left the face of the little stranger;

the very clothes seemed to change and brighten, and when he spoke, it was like listening to an angel.

Not on all the earth that day was there a happier Christmas party, and when at last it was over, and the children had to go to bed, it somehow did not surprise them that the strange child prayed for all in the house who had been so kind to him. Then he kissed them all around.

In the morning he was gone. But the black bread was changed to white bread. The brass money in the mother's pocket was changed to gold. Then the pious hearts in that humble cottage knew it was the Christ Child Himself who had been their guest; but they did not know, they could not understand, that these things, and the happy memory of His visit, were the blessing with which He paid them for obeying the Golden Rule.—The Children's Portion, by Rev. Dr. Macleod.

Wreath the Ivy.



VEN in the stable of a village inn, where the beasts of the field were wont to take their rest, the cry of a new-born Babe was heard, unnoticed by the busy world without. The

First-born of a mother whose husband earned their bread by daily toil—what mattered this common birth to other men? Yet hark to another cry which went up amidst the wailing of the lowly Child—a cry of thanksgiving and praise—"Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!" "Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!" And they who sang this Hosanna were the angels of heaven.

Then hang up the holly, the ivy, and the yew over the Christmas snows, as memorials of a hope which human reason could never teach. Not by the glories of summer was the Comforter ushered into the world. In the season of cold and of darkness He came to His own. In the winter and humiliation of our souls, when the robes of earthly righteousness have been laid aside, it may be He will draw near again. When learning and research cannot find Him, it may be He will reveal Himself to the simple in heart. When the expectations of great men perish, He may come with healing on His wings to the soul of the lowly and meek.—Mrs. A. Gatty.

Fear not, said an angel stranger,
For 'tis joyful news I bring;
In a stable, in a manger,
There is born an infant King.
Go and seek Him, you will find
Christ the Saviour of mankind.

Pleasantries.

"Do you know why they have nicknamed old man Mould, the grave-digger, 'Cha-ity'?" "I have no idea." "Because he covers a multitude of sins."—Tid Bits.

"I was walkin' down Third avenue to-day," said old Mrs. Bentley, "when somebody in an upper window threw out a pail o' water, an' most of it landed on my new bonnet an' jest 'bout spiled it. I don't know when," concluded the old lady, "that I've felt so irrigated over ennythin'."—Life.

"Papa," asked young Miles Standish Peabody, "why are not you an Alderman instead of Mulcahy, who keeps the bar-room down by the depot?" The descendant of the Puritans replied thoughtfully, "I suppose, my boy, it is because there were no steerage passengers in the Mayflower."—Christian Register.

"Sir," said the prisoner, "I did not pay this man for my refreshments because I know nothing of the value of money. I am a child of genius." "And what is your age?" asked the Justice. "Forty-two years." "Then it is time you were weaned," and his Honor gave him thirty days away from the bottle.—Buffalo Express.

A Washington woman was riding in an avenue car. Among the passengers was a young colored swell. A young woman of his own color entered, and he immediately rose and offered her his seat. She gracefully demurred, and said: "I do not like to deprive you, sir, of your seat." "Oh, no depravity, miss," was his reply—"no depravity at all; I prefer to stand." You can imagine the effect upon the passengers.—New York World.

THE MESSENGER.

Rev. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., Editor-in-Chief.
 Rev. D. B. LADY,
 Rev. C. S. GERHARD, } SYNDICAL EDITORS.
 Rev. J. S. KIEFFER, D. D., }

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects, and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the Office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way that it can be separated from the communication without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscript.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1887.

Resigned.

The resignation of the Editor-in-Chief of THE MESSENGER was tendered to the proper representatives of the Synods last week and accepted. This will go into effect on the 31st inst. The arrangements made for the future conduct of the paper are stated elsewhere, and our hope is that the Church may unite on a successor who will be satisfactory to all concerned.

The Surprise of the Shepherds.

All history shows that at the coming of Christ, the world was in a state of expectancy. The human race, wearied of its unaided and unavailing efforts to raise itself above the evil that oppressed it, was looking for a Deliverer. How far this entered into the consciousness of different individuals we do not know. There were some, as we are told, in whom this consciousness was very strong. Obscure persons like the shepherds on the plains of Judea may have had a mere general longing joined to a Messianic hope. Yet to them as well as to the Eastern sages God hung out His signal in the sky. The appearance of the harbinger on that still night must have been a great surprise to them. It did not at first thrill them with joy as if they knew that their prayer for the Christ had been answered. On the contrary, "they were sore afraid." The strange light must have startled even the witless flocks around them.

Pious minds will never tire of holding that wondrous scene in contemplation. The light was "the glory of the Lord," and the angels came down "the earth to greet" and set us the example of singing carols on this holy day. As surely as Christ was born once for all, so sure Christmas has come to stay. The chief lesson which Christmas enforces is sacrifice. Christmas is the day of gifts and giving. Some persons imagine that sacrifice must necessarily mean painful self-denial. It may however just as surely signify joyous self-surrender, disinterested love for God and for one another, whereby we are prompted to do all we can for Christ and His Church, and for each other's happiness, in the family, in the congregation, in the Sunday-school, in the community and in the Church, and the world at large. C. S. G.

A Plea for the Little Ones.

Just after each succeeding Christmas an occasional mother when putting away broken toys and sweeping fir needles from parlor carpets, may resolve that she will never have such dirt and confusion again. But when the joyous time returns she will be apt to relent, and if she does not, she will be sorry for it. If she resists the pleadings of her own little ones when those of other people are bright with anticipation, she will surely have increased annoyances of a different and a sadder kind. Nothing makes children so restless and discontented as to be denied the pleasures that attend the celebration of the birth of the Christ-child. It is the joy of the world and the little ones have especial right to it. It is their day in a peculiar sense. Then it is that the wants of poor children seem most pitiful and make the strongest appeals for some ray of light to brighten the darkness of their lives. Whatever else parents may not do, they ought to make it an object to bind their little ones to the hearthstone by Christmas joys.

A mother once thought a Christmas

tree a great bother, and chided her "fretful" little girl for wanting one. A few days afterwards two blue orbs were closed only to be opened to brighter scenes above, but the mother's grief was all the more poignant when she reflected that she had regarded what might have gladdened her darling's short life, as too much trouble.

Old People and Christmas.

A correspondent writing of a friend who has attained his ninetieth year, says: "Just think of it, twenty one such ages in succession would reach to the beginning of the Christian era." On the other hand, how short, and how frail even this prolonged existence is. And even when attained it tells of our decay and mortality. "The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off and we fly away." Happy they who like Simeon and Anna, could know and speak of Him who was the consolation of Israel. These very old persons are especially mentioned as rejoicing at the Christmas time.

Christmas has Come.

There are many things in the world that do not ask man's permission to remain. With the most remarkable independence they assert themselves. Do what we may they will not down. They are irrepressible. Some of them are good and some are bad. And the latter are just as persistent as the former. One of these undesirable things that crops out everywhere is Sin. Go where you will, you find it and its sad work ever plainly manifest. But thanks be to God! where sin abounds grace doth much more abound. The Bible and the religion of Jesus Christ assert themselves even greater than Sin and Satan. The great facts and truths of Christianity cannot be suppressed. If they sometimes seem to be done away with they soon reappear again. How true this is of Christians! Puritanism had a work to do in reforming the abuses to which the day had been subjected, but it could not take away the joyous fact that Christ was born. The Church and the world will always commemorate that wondrous birth. Christ was born and the angels came down "the earth to greet" and set us the example of singing carols on this holy day. As surely as Christ was born once for all, so sure Christmas has come to stay.

The chief lesson which Christmas enforces is sacrifice. Christmas is the day of gifts and giving. Some persons imagine that sacrifice must necessarily mean painful self-denial. It may however just as surely signify joyous self-surrender, disinterested love for God and for one another, whereby we are prompted to do all we can for Christ and His Church, and for each other's happiness, in the family, in the congregation, in the Sunday-school, in the community and in the Church, and the world at large. C. S. G.

The Two Advents.

We all hold to the fact of Christ's coming into the world for our salvation centuries ago. It is for us the greatest event of the world's history. We celebrate it on each returning anniversary as we do no other occurrence which has marked the progress of time and impressed itself upon the consciousness of the human race. Christmas day is "the day we celebrate," above all days in the year.

We also believe that He will come again. He Himself spoke to His friends of His return to the earth before He left them to go to His Father. He said, "I will come again." The angels also brought the disciples a message of the same import on the day of Christ's ascension. "This same Jesus," they said, "which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." It is an article of our catholic undoubted Christian faith, just as firmly held as the article of the incarnation, that our Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout, that "He shall come again to judge the quick and the dead."

These two comings of our Lord, though far apart in time, are, in another sense, very closely joined. The second coming of Christ is the result of what was effected when He was on earth. What He began here when He sojourned among men will be completed when He makes His second appearance, to judge the world in righteousness. The whole history of the race,

as it is influenced and moulded by the incarnation of the Son of God, tends to the grand event which shall mark the end of time. It will be the final triumph of truth, the complete victory of Christ's kingdom, and the full redemption of His people.

It is difficult for us to see, except in the most general way, and by the vision of faith, the end, from the beginning of which we know, and from the process of which we are a part. But He, to whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, understands it all. He knows the bearing of every event in the world's life, in the Church's development, and in the Christian's experience, upon the bringing about the fullness of time for Christ's second advent. It is a great thing for us, however, that we are permitted to lay hold of the general truth here. We know that all things work together for that good end. Grief, suffering, disappointment, trials, poverty, wretchedness, death, as well as joy, success, triumph, happiness and peace, are all factors in the growth whose flower and fruitage shall be the glorious second coming of our blessed Lord. What a comforting truth this is, and how earnestly we should hold fast to it at all times.

A long course of preparation was necessary for the first advent. Thousands of years passed away, and the Lord seemed slack concerning His promises; and the Messiah delayed His coming. It appeared so to men. But it is now believed that it was only by reason of what took place in those long years of waiting that there were some who were ready to receive Christ when He came. And we know that His coming was a blessing only to those who were ready to give Him a welcome, and accept Him as the Saviour. He came to bring peace and a sword. He brought the one to Mary and Joseph, and Simeon and Anna and the disciples, and to all who then believed on Him, and to all those who have since become His followers. He brought the other to Herod and Pilate and the Pharisees, and the multitude who clamored for His death, and to all who have since rejected Him.

How often do we grow weary of waiting for Christ's second coming. How impatient we are at times of the apparent delay. Why not complete the redemption of the world at once, we say. But do we not speak unadvisedly with our lips when we express ourselves in this way? Can we not believe that God does wisely and well in this as in all other things? This is our opportunity, and the world's opportunity, to get ready for the second advent of Christ. To those only who are prepared will that coming be a blessing. To all others it will be the greatest calamity. Saints will lift up their heads and look up. Sinners will call upon the rocks and hills to fall on them and hide them from His terrible presence. How important once to be ready for Christ's first advent. How important now to be ready for His second advent. L.

Christmas and the Family.

There are many reasons why the proper observance of the festival of Christmas may well be regarded as a blessing. Among these is the honor which it puts upon the family. At a time when manifold hostile influences are threatening to degrade and despoil this most ancient and fundamental of the institutions which God has given us, we need to be specially thankful for whatever exalts and honors the family, vindicating its place, asserting its dignity, manifesting its beauty and power.

This Christmas does. It is everywhere suitably associated with the family. It is a day for the Church and the Sunday school; but it is none the less a day for the family and the home. It is a sacred household festival. It magnifies the homestead and the fireside. It kindles afresh the sacred hearth-stone. It re-establishes the family circle; calls the wanderers back; by the power of loving remembrance causes even the absent to be present, whether they be on the prairies, or across the sea, or in the silent and unseen world. It appeals to those feelings within us that are deepest, strongest, tenderest. It gives us to know and feel that, of all the places on earth, there is "no place like home." It awakens and calls forth that affection for those whom God has given us in our homes: that affection which may seem at times to be held in abeyance under the stress of the manifold cares of every-day life; which sometimes, as it were, sinks from view and runs as a stream underground; but which

is always there, which is indestructible, and which needs and demands appropriate occasions on which it may come forth and express itself, and manifest its tenderness and strength. Blessed be our homes, and all the "sacred things" of which they are the abode. Blessed be the ties of family and kindred. And blessed be Christmas, because of its intimate and indestructible connection with the family and family affection.

For could anything be more precious than affection; more deeply craved by the human heart; more vitally necessary to human welfare? It is a very lovely and home like thing; but not wit, nor brilliancy, nor any so-called "talent" can compare with it in value. It is that without which—without receiving which and still more without giving which—it can never be well with the heart. That life is unspeakably dreary which has no affection in it, given or received. Unhappy he who possesses an abundance of money and all the comforts that money can buy, but no affection. You are poor; your home is a very humble one, and very scantily furnished. But in that home you have children to love you, and round about you are relatives and friends whose affection for you is tried and true. Then rejoice and be glad, for you are rich indeed.

This Christmas Day will dawn on many a lowly home. It will behold the pathos of many a house in which honorable poverty dwells. But affection will be there, and its presence will throw a glory over the plain furniture and the threadbare clothes. The poverty of outward circumstances shall be as though it were not; and, because of love, which glorifies whatever it touches, the poor surroundings of that family and home shall glow, as it were, as once of old the surroundings of a manger glowed, with the light of the heavenly world. J. S. K.

Sale and Lease

Of the Property, Real and Personal, of the Publication Board of the Reformed Church in the U. S.

The Publication Board held a special session at its rooms, 907 Arch street, Philadelphia, November 10th, last. There was a full attendance of the members, and the session was a long one. The whole subject of the interests in its charge, and as it was presented to it by the action of the several Synods who are represented in it, was fully considered. The first conclusion arrived at was to carry out, as far as possible, the directions given by the same.

The proposition offered by Rev. Charles G. Fisher to the Board, at its late annual meeting, and referred by it to the Synods for their consideration, and afterwards, for good reasons, withdrawn by him, before the Synods of Potomac and United States, was brought before the Board at the request of some of the members present, and its acceptance being considered by the Board as the best way out of all the difficulties of the case, after some amendments to the advantage of the Synods, it was resolved that it be accepted, and that the necessary provisions be made to carry the transfer and lease embodied in it, into effect as soon as possible; these were perfected at the late meeting of the Board held on the 14th inst.

It may be stated here briefly what led the Board to come to the conclusion and take the action it did. To sell the real estate and personal property—stock and assets, etc.—it was felt that not enough would be realized therefrom to cancel the whole debt or meet all the claims against the Board, and there would be the necessity then of falling back upon the Synods to make up the deficiency, either by apportionments or otherwise, which was known from experience in other cases to be a very unpopular course to pursue. Therefore such a sale and disposal would not do away with the chief difficulty in the way of the Board's progress, viz., the debt. The proposition accepted obviates all, since the purchaser and lessee making it, in return for a transfer of real estate and personal property, assumes the debt, he being the holder of the greater part of the claims, and for the right to publish books from the stereotype plates and the periodicals, pays annually to the Board 3 per cent. on the gross receipts of the whole business, and the amount of percentage is not to be less than \$1200 in any one year, the lease to run for the period of ten years. It will be seen, then, that the Board has looked to the settlement of all the claims, and by transferring and leasing all its property the Synods will hereafter receive an annual income from a source they have not heretofore done.

The Board therefore feels it has faithfully discharged the trust imposed upon it by the Synods, and it is to be hoped that the Church will heartily second its action and give to the purchaser and lessee and those he may associate with him in the future conduct of the Publication interests of the Synods, its confidence and liberal support.

The transfer and lease will go into effect December 31st, 1887.

By order of the Board,
 G. S. GRIFFITH,
 President Pub. Bd. of Ref. Ch. in U. S.
 Philadelphia, Dec. 15th, 1887.

The Editorship of The Messenger.

In view of the change in the business of our publication affairs as ordered by the action of the Synods elsewhere announced, a commission was appointed to provide for any changes that might become necessary in the editorship of THE MESSENGER. This commission met in Philadelphia on the 14th inst. All the members were present except those of the Pittsburgh Synod. The first matter that engaged their attention, was the resignation of the present editor, Rev. P. S. Davis, D. D. For the reasons assigned in the resignation offered, the commission deemed it proper to accept it—the resignation to take effect Dec. 31st, 1887.

The question of the appointment of a new editor then came up and was fully considered. It was thought proper that further time and consideration should be given to the matter before final action should be taken, and therefore it was resolved to make temporary arrangements for the editing of THE MESSENGER, until a permanent editor shall be appointed. The commission will, meantime, engage the best talent in the Church that can be secured, and every effort will be made to present to the readers a paper worthy of the Church it represents.

It is felt that in the changes made and those still contemplated, THE MESSENGER should also make a new departure. However worthy it has been in the past of the patronage of the Church, an earnest effort will be made to improve it in the future, both as to form and contents. To this end no reasonable expense will be spared by the future publisher, and with the co-operation of our best writers, it is believed that the paper will be rendered entirely acceptable to the readers. Although no one editor is, for the time being, at its head, yet it is confidently expected that the editorship under which it will be conducted will insure the confidence and support of the Church. The commission will spare no effort to present to the Church a paper which will be welcomed into all our families and fitly represent our worthy history as a Reformation Church, while it will aim also to represent all sections and interests of the Church, and promote the peace and harmony which the Church has in the providence of God, come to enjoy.

This peace and harmony have already served in a wonderful manner, to develop the practical activity of the Church, so that her work of missions and all her other activities have been quickened and prospered. It is a fitting time to take a step forward in the spirit and enterprise of THE MESSENGER, comporting with the movements in all other interests. The paper will speak for itself how well its work is to be done. All that we ask is that as its merits may appear, it will receive the earnest and hearty support of the Church. The changes contemplated we think will fully commend it to this support.

THE EDITORIAL COMMISSION.

Communications.

Church Membership in Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.

Some time ago we stated that we would, at some future time, give the number of church members among the students of Franklin and Marshall College. The following report has just been handed us as the result of our inquiry. The number of students in actual attendance at the present time in the four college classes is ninety-one. Of these eighty-two are confirmed members of the Church, and nine not members. In the Senior class fifteen are members, two not; in the Junior class twenty-two are members, three not; in the Sophomore twenty-five are members, two not; and in the Freshman twenty are members, two not.

We doubt whether any Protestant college in this country can report a larger proportion of Church members among the students. The proportion is a little over ninety per cent.

If now we add the 41 theological students we have 123 church members out of 132, the whole number in both institutions. We have not inquired as to the academy, where the students are mostly younger. Add to this number the members in the families of the faculty, 32 and 18 from outside the faculty, we have in all 182 church members in the two institutions out of 191 persons, still omitting the academy, or a little over 95 per cent. of all the persons connected in any way with the institutions are members of the Christian Church.

The statistics further show that of the 82 students in the college proper, who are members of the Church, 67 are members of the Reformed Church, 8 of the Lutheran Church, 4 of the Presbyterian, and 3 of the Episcopal Church. T. G. A.

Ordination and Installation of a Minister.

On the 22d of November Tohickon Classis met in special session in the Durham church, Bucks county, Pa., and received the licentiate, Samuel H. Phillips, from East Pennsylvania Classis. A call from the Durham charge to Bro. Phillips was confirmed and a committee to ordain and install him

appointed. In the afternoon at 2 o'clock the solemn services were held. The church was well filled with an attentive audience. The officers and many members of the Durham and New Williams Township congregations, which compose the charge, were present. Rev. D. Rothrock, the former pastor of the Durham congregation, led in the ordination services, Rev. N. Z. Snyder preached the ordination sermon from Acts 20: 28, and Rev. B. B. Ferer gave the charge to the people. The other ministerial members of Classis took part in the services. At the same meeting of Classis Dr. A. B. Koplin, Rev. N. Z. Snyder and Elder A. S. Weber were appointed a committee to organize a congregation in East South Bethlehem—the new organization to be a part of the Lower Saucon charge.

Foreign Mission Notes.

The Year of Jubilee.

The Board of Foreign Missions of our Church will be FIFTY years old in 1888. This event should receive grateful recognition by the whole Church. We have had a Tercentenary of the Heidelberg Catechism, a semi-centennial of the Theological Seminary, a Zwingle memorial, and a Centennial of Franklin and Marshall College. By all means, let us have a MISSIONARY JUBILEE.

Dear Brethren: There is a God of Missions, who will accept at our hands a memorial, in the shape of praise and offerings. Let every one enter upon the new year in the inspiration of the motto: *Christ for the world and the world for Christ.*

Sendai Buildings.

Arrangements are being made for the erection of the school buildings. We know this will be good news to the zealous friends of the noble project. In order to complete the work so well begun and so earnestly carried forward, we need more money.

Let there be a grand final rally of the advocates of this movement and victory will perch on our banners. Be thou faithful unto the end.

Mission School Picture.

"Oh how pretty!" the little folks exclaim as they look upon the picture of the girls' school at Sendai. The circulation of these beautiful pictures will not only help to replenish the treasury, but to interest the children in woman's work for woman in Japan.

We trust that pastors and superintendents will not stop until every family in the Church is supplied with a picture. The educational influence will be very good.

The Yamagata School.

The Rev. J. P. Moore is acting as a teacher, with the approval of our "Mission" in the field, in a native co-operative school, and Mr. Oshikawa, is acting as president in connection with three Christian native teachers.

As yet, the Board or Executive Committee have not organized a school at Yamagata in the case of Miss Poorbaugh's and Miss Ault's work at Sendai.

Brother Moore expects to organize a congregation at this place in the near future. He writes: "In a few years there will be a number of out-stations just the same as we have now at Sendai. Already at Kami no Yama, seven miles from here, there is an organized interest which will fall to us for care and support; and so the good work will go on, until, let us hope soon, great things will be done for the Lord and His cause in this part of North Japan."

Evangelistic Work.

The Board continues appropriations for evangelistic work as heretofore in the North and in the mission stations in and around Tokio, which are well served by native helpers and members of the "Union" with which we are connected. Enlarged contributions to our treasury, are necessary so that we may sustain this important work of evangelization.

The Success of Missionary Gring.

At the recent meeting of the Executive Committee, Brother Gring gave an interesting account of his visits in different charges. He reports a liberal amount of pledges toward the building fund, but he will continue to press this "one thing" until the Board will need no money to pay for the school buildings.

We rejoice at the prospects. His address is Lancaster, Pa. Pastors, who are anxious to secure his services will please correspond with him.

Facts in a Sentence.

The secretary will furnish "envelopes" to pastors and superintendents, for use in gathering funds for Foreign Missions.

The recent "reply" in the MESSENGER, contains no reflections on any one in particular.

Brother Hoy writes: "I am daily gaining strength."

A happy New Year to the friends of missions. A. R. BARTHOLOMEW, Secretary. Pottsville, Pa., Dec. 16, 1887.

Wichita University.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of this institution met in the city of Wichita, Kansas, on the 9th instant. Among the members present at the meeting were the following, belonging to our Church: Rev. D. B. Shuey, President of the Board; Rev. J. W. Love, corresponding secretary; W. H. Rauch, Esq., Dr. J. Coblenz, Henry Brown, J. B. Jack and J. H. Fulmer. The business of the meeting was to hear the reports of the regular Standing Committees, and to elect officers for the ensuing year. The several reports disclosed the fact that much work had been accomplished during the past year, and not a little progress made upon the college building and in the way of securing endowment for the school. Nearly the whole of the amount pledged by the three Synods of the East, towards the endowment of the Presidency has been received, the Synod of the Potomac having redeemed its pledge in full, whilst a balance is remaining due from both the Synod of Pittsburgh and that of the United States. The gratifying information was also given that the Committee on Endowment had the solemn promise of an amount sufficient to endow an additional chair in the institution, the promise coming from a wealthy member of our Church residing within the bounds of the Synod of the Interior. The old officers were unanimously elected, and the thanks of the Board extended to Treasurer Skinner for the efficient manner in which he had attended to the arduous duties of managing the financial interests of the University.

The unfinished condition of the building,

and the uncertainty as to the time by which it can be gotten ready for occupancy, now that winter is approaching, led to an extended discussion as to when the library and scientific departments were to be opened. It was thought possible to begin work in the building by Spring, but the number of students that could be gotten at that time, would necessarily be small; and that, it was argued, would prove prejudicial to the successful opening next Fall. So taking into account all the circumstances it was deemed most judicious to postpone literary and scientific work until next September.

What to do, meanwhile, with the teachers who had been called was the next important question. The two teachers in music, as also the teacher of art, are carrying forward their work in rented quarters for which they themselves are responsible, and are meeting with encouraging success. Arrangements were made with Prof. Bushong to have him return East for the year, the Board becoming responsible for the expenses which he had incurred in accepting their call. To the Rev. A. S. Weber, the president elect, the privilege was given of remaining and continuing the educational work in the churches of the Synod, or of returning East for a portion of the year at a salary which, while satisfactory to himself, would, nevertheless, be a considerable relief from the pecuniary obligations which the Board acknowledges are due to him. The probability is that after he has filled the appointments he has made in several charges, he will return to the Eastern section of the Church, and supply some vacant charge until the educational work at Wichita can be inaugurated properly in the new building.

The meeting of the Board was full of interest, and it is the determination of the several members to press forward in the work of the school as earnestly as possible. The establishment of our church in these western domains, demands the founding and maintenance of a school of higher learning west of the Mississippi.

Installation.

The committee appointed by Wichita Classis installed Rev. A. Casselman in the Lyons charge, Rice county, Kansas, on Sunday evening, November 13th. The whole committee was present. Rev. A. R. Holshouser conducted the opening exercises, Rev. A. S. Weber, President of Wichita University, preached the sermon from the text, "Lo I am with you always," and Rev. D. B. Shuey, as chairman of the committee, conducted the installation services. Lyons is a mission and full of hope, a good field for our church, the town having doubled in population during the past two years, and but few churches as yet represented. Bro. C. feels encouraged in his work.

Japan.

"To begin many things, and finish nothing," has, unfortunately, been our experience in regard to some of the various benevolent operations undertaken by the Church. It is not very surprising, therefore, that the missionary operations in Japan should lag somewhat for want of support. The MESSENGER has acknowledged large contributions from time to time, and continues to appeal for more money. For some time past, other objects of interest, to which we were solemnly pledged, have been subordinated to this latest of our undertakings. Our Home Missions, with far more urgent needs, have been held in the background. The endowment of our Theological Seminary, and the Nevins Memorial Fund, are not progressing to successful results as such deserving objects should. We have too many irons in the fire at one time. Our strength and resources are rendered ineffective by too much "scattering shot." And, notwithstanding the lessons of experience in such cases, it seems to be the purpose of the Church, or, at least, of those in control of her various interests to branch out still further in Japan. That field is too large to be occupied by the Reformed Church to the detriment of pressing home needs.

Allentown Female College.

On Friday, the 16th inst., the fall term of the Allentown Female College reached its close. The Board met on Thursday, and filled the vacancy made by the death of John R. Schall, Esq., electing T. Frank Butz, Esq., in his place. Mr. Butz is an elder in one of Dr. Hofford's congregations, and is well known for his activity and liberality. The Board is well satisfied with the financial status of the school, as not only all the current expenses, but the interest on the increasingly valuable property were covered, and a balance remains toward paying off the debt.

The number of students enrolled in all departments was eighty-four.

On Thursday evening an entertainment was given by the Alliance Association, aided by some of the students of the musical department. The following program was rendered:

Part 1st. 1. Instrumental Duett, "La Favorita De Donizetti," D. Krug, Misses Mary Steckel and Sylvia R. Schaffer. 2. Vocal Solo, "What Lack the Valleys and Mountains," A. Mueller-Neuhof, Mrs. E. T. Thompson. 3. Selection, "Legend of the Organ Builder," Miss Mary Chindel. 4. Instrumental Solo, "Deuxieme Nocturne," Leybach, Miss Lydia Leisenring.

Part 2d. 5. Vocal Solo, a—"I hardly know," b—"Last Night," Halfdan Kjerfald, Mrs. Thos. Sager. 6. Instrumental Solo, "Petite Bolero," Henri Ravina, Miss Bertha Albright. 7. Selection, "The Ride of Jennie McNeal," Miss Marie Shafer. 8. Instrumental Duett, "The Witches' Flight," H. M. Russell, Misses Lizzie Gerhart and Grace Romig.

After the entertainment refreshments were served to several hundred guests. The whole affair passed off in a manner worthy of the reputation of the Alumnae association of the Allentown Female College in all matters of this kind. The proceeds will be devoted to the increase of a fund which the association is raising with a view to diminish the debt on the property.

Two superb pianos have recently been added to the outfit of the musical department, one a superb square instrument with 734 octaves, brought direct from the Steinway warerooms, and an upright, manufactured by the new firm of Hardman & Co. These valuable instruments did not cost the institution a cent. R. E. Wright, Esq., headed a subscription list with \$20, and S. A. Butz, Esq., followed with the same amount,

Through the activity of the latter gentleman, with the energetic assistance of Mrs. Butz and Mr. Levi Line, a small nest-egg in the way of a piano fund, a sufficient amount was raised to cover the purchase. To be strictly truthful we should add that we got rid at the same time of two old instruments.

The business activity of Allentown is increasing with wonderful rapidity. Our churches here are abreast with the most prosperous. The college must keep up with the surrounding progress. It has done a good work, far better than can well be estimated; and its usefulness is yet in a sense just begun. Allentown has been doing its full duty for the Church at large; will not the Church at large do a little more in the way of sustaining the brethren in this section who have struggled so hard to establish this important institution of learning here in the heart of the Reformed Church.

AMICUS.

Special Meeting of Classis.

A special meeting of East Susquehanna Classis was held on the 14th inst. in the First Reformed Church at Sunbury, Pa., to consider the following items:

Item 1. To dissolve the pastoral relations between Rev. Geo. P. Hartzell and the Augusta charge. Item 2. To dismiss Rev. G. P. Hartzell to Northern Illinois Classis, Synod of the Interior. Item 3. To appoint a committee of supply, and to aid in securing a pastor for the Augusta charge. Item 4. To reconstruct the Augusta and Numidia charges. The items were disposed of as follows: Item 1. Pastoral relations dissolved. Item 2. Dismissal granted. Item 3. Committee is, Revs. J. Calvin Leinbach and Thomas J. Hacker, and Elder A. S. Fischer. Item 4. Committee of three was appointed to gather data in regard to certain congregations, with instructions to report at an adjourned meeting to be held in the First Reformed church at Sunbury, Pa., Jan. 4, 1888, at 2 o'clock, P. M. J. CALVIN LEINBACH, Stated Clerk.

Progress.

It is always gratifying to hear that the kingdom of God is making progress, that the Church of Christ is lengthening its cords and strengthening its stakes. Since we became a member of the Classis of Lancaster, nearly thirty-five years ago, it has, we are glad we are able to say, made at least some steps forward. In 1854 it had twelve ministers, 9 charges, 27 congregations, and 1859 members, or, more probably, about 2000; in 1886, it had 25 of the first, 170 of the second; now, 18; 40 of the third; and 4873 of the fourth; now, probably, 5000. In its territory then, there seemed to be little room or material for the organization of new congregations, or the formation of new charges; yet something has been done in both directions, and the prospects are that the limit of growth of both kinds has not yet been reached.

The Church in Lancaster county (a part of the field), has been growing, and the need of more pastors for the flocks has come to be felt by the people no less than the ministers. At the last annual meeting of the Classis it was thought that at least two more laborers were needed in the county, and that two new pastoral-fields should be formed—one out of the Menden Creek, and one out of the New Holland, Willow street and Millersville charges. The committee who had the matter of reconstruction in hand, (consisting of Drs. Apple, Dubbs and Stahr), did what they could, and thus far have met with a reasonable degree of success. There was of course some friction, and the committee were not always thanked for what they did, but generally they found the elders sensible and intelligent men, willing to agree to what would promote the general interests of the Church in the county. Some of them made good speeches at the meetings for conference, and showed that they were clear as well as level-headed.

The Reamstown charge, under Pastor S. Schweitzer, has now seven congregations, two new ones being added during the past few years, numbering over 900 members. It, of course, is too large a flock for one shepherd, as the pastor reports from year to year. Some progress has been made towards a division of his field, and it is believed that this will be an accomplished fact by the time the Classis holds its next meeting in the spring.

The Willow Street charge with its one small congregation, was strengthened by the addition of a much larger one from the New Holland, and a smaller one from the Millersville charge. It extended a call to the Rev. D. W. Gerhard, which was accepted and he was installed as pastor in this new field at Willow Street on the 4th of December. The Rev. N. J. Miller attended to the introductory services, the undersigned preached the sermon, and Dr. Dubbs conducted the installation service. The occasion was one of much interest, and full of encouragement to both pastor and people. Mr. Gerhard served the New Holland charge for many years, which grew and prospered under his care; and now it is believed that in this new charge, with the divine blessing, he will be equally successful in winning souls to Christ.

Willow Street is a village about four miles south of Lancaster, along the railroad. The congregation there was organized by the Rev. A. B. Shenkle, and served by him for several years, with evidences of the Divine blessing. It was the result of his missionary activity; and it was not the only instance in which he helped to build up the broken-down walls of Zion, since he has been in this Classis.

The New Holland charge, consisting now of only three congregations, with a parsonage—somewhat weakened by the division, is as yet vacant; but it is believed that it will not be long before the Chief Shepherd will send them an under shepherd, to lead them into green pastures and by the still waters.

THEODORE APEL.

Rev. H. Binkley has obtained twelve subscribers for the MESSENGER and thirty-two for the *Hausfreund* in the charge of which Rev. Thomas N. Reber is pastor.

The address of Rev. A. D. Gring, Missionary to Japan, is changed from York, Pa., to Lancaster, Pa., No. 725 Marietta avenue. All persons wishing to arrange for foreign missionary meetings, and desiring his presence, will address all communications to this address,

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Order of Worship and Hymns, in different styles, From \$1.75 to \$4.00
Directory of Worship, From .75 to \$2.50
Directory of Worship and Hymns, embossed, \$1.50
Harbaugh's Future Life, 3 vols., . . . \$1.00
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See also List of Books in next Column.

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Full set of ten sent for 25 cents, postpaid. We are also able to supply, in any quantity, services and annuals, with carols, published by Emma Pitt, Asa Hull, J. J. Hood, Biglow & Main, and others. Sample copies, 5 cents each.

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A new edition of the Directory of Worship has just been issued. They can be had at present only in three styles of binding, and hereafter at the following prices, fixed by the General Synod's Committee:

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Business Department.

REV CHARLES G. FISHER,
Superintendent and Treasurer.

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Remittances should be made by Check, Draft, Postal Money Order or Registered Letter, and to be made payable to the order of the Reformed Church Publication Board.

Should you remit, and on examining the label on your paper you do not find the proper credit given after two weeks have elapsed, please inform us by postal, so that any failure to reach us may be discovered, or any mistake or omission may be corrected.

We do make mistakes sometimes, and we want the aid of pastors, agents and all interested, in correcting them. COMMUNICATIONS for the paper, to insure prompt insertion, should be addressed to "The Messenger."



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ALMANACS for 1888.

The Eastern Almanac for 1888 is now ready for distribution.

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We would call attention to the following books that have been recently published, and are for sale by us at the prices named, postpaid:

Historic Manual of the Reformed Church in the U. S., Rev. J. H. Dubbs, D.D., \$1.50

The Substantial Philosophy. Rev. J. I. Swander, D.D., \$1.50

Letters to Boys and Girls about the Holy Land and the First Christmas. Rev Theodore Appel, D. D. .75

Lord's Portion. Rev. H. Harbaugh, D. D., Paper, .25

Muslin, .30

Service Book & Hymnal. Rev. W. F. Lichteit. Plain Muslin .25

Red Edges " .40

A Treatise on Baptism, Rev. J. J. Leberman, .60

Recollections of College Life, Rev. Theodore Appel, D.D., 1.25

Beginnings of the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church in the U. S., Rev. Theodore Appel, D.D., Paper, .50

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A Child's Life of Christ, Rev. C. Z. Weiser, D.D., 1.00

The Gospel Call, Book of Sermons by Rev. J. K. Milleit, deceased; edited by Rev. C. S. Gerhard, 1.50

History and Doctrines of the Reformed Church, by Rev. J. H. Good. A Tract. 50 Copies, 1.00

100 " 2.00

300 " 5.00

Directory of Worship, Muslin, .75

Imitation Morocco, 1.25

Young Parson, 1.25

OLD BOOKS AT REDUCED RATES.

Wayside Gleanings, by Rev. B. Bausman, D. D., former price, \$1.25, .60

Christological Theology, Rev. H. Harbaugh, D.D., Single Copy, .05

Dozen, .50

Address,

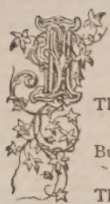
Reformed Church Pub. Board,
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Miscellaneous.

Christmas.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

"Ye did it unto me."



KNOW not when the lamps
of God
Should light the Christmas
shrine:

The Volga's bells do not accord
With those upon the Rhine.
But when the bells of either clime
Ring out for charity,
Their tongues melodious seem to
chime—

"Ye did it unto me!"

That psalms that 'mid December's snows,
We sing with joy to-day,
In Eastern chapels erst arose,
In the bright month of May.
It matters not. The deeds of old
With those to day agree;
The poor man shares the rich man's gold,
"Ye did it unto me!"

The time, the date, is little worth
If heart to heart accord:
And but the suffering ones of earth
Receive the gold of God.
The semblance of the Lord is met
In every Christmas-tree,
And heard the words of Olivet—
"Ye did it unto me!"

In every ministry to woe,
In every help to pain,
The sandaled feet of Jesus go,
As once they went to Nain;
Bread multiplied we may behold
In every charity
As at Decapolis of old—
"Ye did it unto me!"

Chime on, ye bells! In every clime
The angels' strain uplift;
It is the spirit, not the time,
That sanctifies the gift!
The Christ-child with the children comes
To every Christmas tree
Or by the Rhine's or Neva's homes—
"Ye did it unto me!"

Then light again the Yule log's fires,
And bring your Christmas dowers,
Although the white Muscovian spires
May not accord with ours;
And He will walk again with men,
Who walked in Galilee;
And His sweet voice will say again,
"Ye did it unto me!"

Selections.

Hand in hand with angels, through the world
we go;
Brighter eyes are on us than we blind ones
know;
Tender voices cheer us than we deaf will
own;
Never walking heavenward, can we walk
alone.

—Lucy Larcom.

Christ became an infant sanctifying in-
fancy.

Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look
Where hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household
nook,
The haunt of all affections pure,

—John Keble.

'Tis the season for kindling the fires of hos-
pitality in the hall, the generous flame of
charity in the heart.—Washington Irving.

O happy house, whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in faith and prayer—
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights
of heaven

Guards them with more than mother's
care.

O happy house, where little voices
Their glad hosannas love to raise,
And childhood's lisping tongue rejoices
To bring new songs of love and praise.

—From the German of Spitta.

Personal.

Miss Grace Dodge has organized thirteen
clubs for the working girls of New York.
One of these is presided over by Miss Clara
Potter, daughter of Bishop Potter. It includes
a boarding house, classes in dressmaking,
cooking and elocution, and evening enter-
tainments in which the working girls them-
selves are the chief performers.

Rev. Dr. Burchard, of New York, of the
"Three R's" fame, was among those pre-
sented to Mr. Cleveland at the late Evange-
lical Conference in Washington. The Pre-
sident recognized him at once, and advanc-
ing towards him, said with considerable ear-
nestness and fervor that he was very glad to
see him, whereupon the crowd of delegates
broke out into laughter.

Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of China, is
six feet tall, sixty-five years old, well built,
gray and swarthy; his eyes are dark and
piercing and his teeth dark and uneven.
When receiving American guests he wears a
gray Astrakan surtout with long, flowing
sleeves, loose silken trousers, felt shoes and
a flaring hat with the but on of his rank on
top and a peacock's feather sticking out be-
hind.

"There is a very general desire among
the members of the Senior Class," says the
Princetonian, "that their diplomas may bear
the signature of Dr. McCosh. As the class
has been in college during three years of his
administration, the feeling is but natural and

reasonable, and will no doubt be gratified.
The subject is brought up thus early in order
that in case any technicality shall necessitate
official action, there may be ample opportu-
nity for it."

Henry W. Sage, of Syracuse, New York,
made a provision in his will, executed
twelve years ago, for a \$60,000 bronze monu-
ment to Henry Ward Beecher in Prospect
Park, Brooklyn. Mr. Sage is still alive and
proposes to put up the monument at once,
despite the fact that Plymouth Church in-
tends to erect its Beecher memorial there.
The designs adopted by Mr. Sage, which in-
clude the Plymouth Church pulpit, were ap-
proved by Mr. Beecher several years before
his death.

Science and Art.

Telegraphic communication will shortly
begin between Russia and France. All de-
spatches at present come through Germany,
and have recently been tampered with at
Berlin. Russia, in the case of a war between
Germany and Austria, would be entirely cut
off from telegraphic communication with the
remainder of Europe.

A newly constructed railroad spike has a
double head, or, more properly speaking, an
elongated portion projecting from opposite
sides of the shank. The under side of one
projection is lower than that of the other,
the portion which is lower being provided
with an edge in the direction of its length,
whereby the portion may be more easily im-
bedded in the tie or sleeper, while the other
portion of the head engages the rail.

The Chateau of Chantilly, generously pre-
sented by the Duke d'Aumale to the French
nation, is to be finally completed according
to the old original design at the Duke's ex-
pense. The large stables will be raised in
height and decorated, while the ornamental
sculptures left unfinished at the end of
the last century are now to be added.
The Duke is also arranging the galleries
to contain the library and art collections, so
that when the Institute takes possession the
old palace will be ready for opening to the
public.

When a fire originates near a gas meter
the heat very soon causes it to fall apart,
and the unchecked flow of gas from the influ-
ent pipe quickly fills the premises with a roar-
ing and devastating flame. After every fire,
where there is a total loss of the building, a
blazing stream of gas roars on beneath fall-
ing walls and debris, until measures are
taken to stop the supply of gas from the
street mains. With these facts before every-
body's eyes it seems strange that no attempt
is made to have meters differently construct-
ed or some way devised to prevent the loss
that necessarily results from the present state
of things.

It is the general practice in Spain to shoe
horses without the application of heat, and
very few shoeing-smiths have bellows or
forges in their shops. They also make their
shoes without the aid of fires, a fact largely
due to the pure, soft, ductile iron, primarily
manufactured with wood and charcoal.
The Spanish "herrador," or shoeing smith,
for he does no other work, general jobbing,
or repairing, has no use for the drawing-
knife, and he never touches or pares any-
thing but the wall, and that with the butters,
and on no consideration would he put on a
calk unless ordered to do so by a veterinarian.
It may be surprising, but nevertheless it is
so, that lameness located in the feet or caused
by shoeing is far more rare in Spain than in
England or America.

Items of Interest.

The finest strawberries of the season are
being brought into the market here twice a
week. They sell as cheap now as they did
earlier in the season.—Petaluma (Cal.) Cour-
ier, November 23.

"This red flag," shouted the Socialist
orator, "is the emblem of the brotherhood
of man!" "Not much," growled a voice
from the back seats; "it's a sign that auc-
tioneers, small-pox, rock-blasting, or some
other nuisances are around, and that it's time
for wise men to skip out."—Life.

The Russians are building a tower on the
highest point of the Mount of Olives, which
is to be high enough to command a view of
both the Mediterranean and Dead Seas from
its top. Seven Christian graves were un-
earthed by the workmen who dug the founda-
tions, and one of the tombs has the word
"Stephanus."

People who visit Washington are disap-
pointed because they cannot ascend to the
top of the Washington Monument. Congress
made no appropriation for furnishing steam
power to run the elevator, and unless a spe-
cial measure is introduced at the next session
the top of the shaft will be inaccessible dur-
ing another fiscal year.

In Prussia a large number of ladies have
petitioned the Minister of Education against
appointing male instead of female teachers
for the upper classes in girls' schools.
The petitioners take the ground that male
teachers do not understand the inner life of
girls, who are thus educated in a purely
external, inconsistent, and superficial man-
ner.

According to the Hon. William I. Bowditch
one-tenth of all the taxes in Massachusetts
are paid by the women. In Rockford, Ill.,
the women pay two-thirds of the taxes. In
some towns the percentage is large; but for
all that these very women are not by law
citizens, and have no voice in the adminis-
tration of public affairs. It is altogether a
one-sided business.

Princess Beatrice gave birth to a daughter
at Balmoral on Monday, October 24. The
bells of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, peal-
ed merrily in honor of the event, and a bon-
fire was lighted on the heights overlooking
Balmoral. It is 287 years since a member of
the Royal family was born in Scotland. This
makes the Queen's thirty-sixth grandchild (30
of whom are still living) in addition to four
great-grandchildren.

A man thought of buying a home in one
of the booming towns of the Pacific coast.
But after thinking the matter over he said
that the body of his boy lay in a cemetery

near Chicago, and he could not bring him-
self to move away from it. Thereupon
the active real estate agent offered to give
him a lot in a cemetery, see to the removal
of the child's remains, and pay all ex-
penses, if the man would reconsider his de-
cision.

HER ASTROLOGICAL COLUMN.—A curious
reminiscence of Catherine de Medicis and
her superstition came to light while a corn
market in Paris was being pulled down. It
is no less than a column erected for astrolo-
gical purposes, a sort of observatory on the
grounds of her new hotel, afterward Hotel
de Soissons. There the Florentine astro-
loger, Ruggieri, made his observations of
the sky. It consists of a column twenty-
seven metres high, fluted, and terminated in
a sphere crowned by a lightning rod. (This
latter could hardly be part of the original
design—the shades of Franklin forbid.) In
one place is an inscription in French, "This
astronomical column was erected for the
Queen Catherine de Medicis in 1572 by Phil-
bert Delorme."

Useful Hints and Recipes.

PUMPKIN PIE.—One quart stewed pump-
kins, pressed through a sieve; nine eggs,
white and yolks beaten separately; two
quarts of milk, one teaspoonful of mace,
one of cinnamon and one of nutmeg, one
and a half cups of white sugar. Beat all
well together, and bake in crust without
cover.

A FAVORITE SAUCE.—Cream six ounces
of butter until light and white as possible;
then stir in gradually the same weight of
finely pulverized white sugar. It looks very
inviting made up in the shape of a little
pyramid, thickly strewn with grated nut-
meg. In addition, you may use at plea-
sure vanilla, or any other seasoning you may
prefer.

VEAL AND HAM PIE.—Cut cold cooked
veal and half as much corned ham, also
boiled and cold, into neat dice, season with
pepper, a little nutmeg, sweet herbs, and add
a handful of chopped mushrooms. Heat a
cupful of gravy in a saucepan, season well,
thicken with browned flour, add a great
spoonful of tomato catsup, put in the meat,
bring to a boil, stir in the beaten yolks of
two eggs and take from the fire. Fill a
deep bake dish with this, cover the surface
with sliced hard-boiled eggs, lay a good crust
over all; cut a slit in the centre and bake to
a fine yellow brown. Wash over with white
of egg, shut up in the oven for one minute
and serve.

ROAST TURKEY.—After drawing the tur-
key rinse out with several waters, and in
next to the last mix a teaspoonful of soda.
The inside of a fowl, especially if purchased
in the market, is sometimes very sour, and
imparts an unpleasant taste to the stuffing.
The soda will act as a corrective, and is
moreover very cleansing. Fill the body with
this water, shake well, empty it out and rinse
with clear water. Prepare a forcemeat of
bread, chopped and seasoned with butter,
pepper, salt and sweet herbs, moisten with
warm water or milk; stuff the craw with
this, and tie a string tightly about the neck
to prevent the escape of the stuffing; then
fill the body of the turkey and sew it up
with strong thread; this and the neck-string
are to be removed when the fowl is dished;
roast twenty minutes to a pound. If the
turkey is old it is much better to parboil it.
Serve with giblet gravy and cranberry sauce.
For oyster forcemeat omit the herbs, and
use about a dozen oysters chopped, moisten-
ed with their liquor. It may be stuffed with
chestnuts, boiled, peeled and mashed with
butter.

Books and Periodicals.

Any of the books here noticed can be had through our
Publication House, 907 Arch Street.

POEMS BY DAVID ATWOOD NASSON. Bos-
ton: Lee and Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk
street, next old South Meeting House
Square. Pp. 165. Price \$1.25.

The poems of this gifted man, many of
which were scattered in magazines, are now
collected and published in this beautiful
volume. Some of the pieces, "All's Well,"
for instance, are classic, and very few of
them fail to rise above the common level.
They will be read with interest.

TANGLEWOOD TALES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.
Being a second wonder-book by Nathaniel
Hawthorne, with illustrations by George
Wharton Edwards. Boston and New
York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. The
Riverside Press, 1887.

Here we have a choice holiday volume—
one that will please and instruct. The en-
tire make up of the book presents a model
of beauty and taste. The contents give us
with a modern free half-realistic and half-
fanciful tone the stories of the Greek mytho-
logy. The legends of The Minotaur, The
Peguis, The Dragon's Teeth, Circe's
Palace, The Pomegranate Seeds, and the
Golden Fleece, are admirably told and will
help the young to an acquaintance with
classical literature, such as they will not get
from dry manuals. To assure our readers
that the tales are well told we need only re-
mind them that they are in the crystal words
of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Indeed, this is
one of the books we take pleasure in com-
mending. It is illustrated in the highest
style of art.

"FROM SHORE TO SHORE." American
Sunday-school Union.

This is a neat thin volume, illustrating the
"Voyage of Life." The pictures of the
various stages and relations of human life
are accompanied with appropriate comments
in verse.

STORIES OF GREAT PAINTERS. 16mo, cloth,
illustrated, 238 pages. Price \$1.25. The
American Sunday-School Union, 1122
Chestnut street, Philadelphia; 10 Bible
House, New York.

This book contains sketches of the lives
and works of the great painters of the old
and new world since the fifteenth century.
We are glad to see in it a recognition of the
educational power of art in periods when
pictures were the books of the common peo-
ple, and did so much to keep the leading
acts of our Saviour's redemption in view.

But for that much that He did would never
have been known. The book is illustrated
with reproductions of the paintings of the old
masters.

NEW FLORAL GEM.—"Asked and Answered."
Martha Van Marter, with designs in
colors by Lilian I. Brigham. A charming
volume with tinted pages and covers, with
a Scripture question for each month and
a Scripture response for each day through-
out the year. Small 4to. 32 pages. 30 cts.
American Tract Society, 150 Nassau street,
New York; 1512 Chestnut street, Phila-
delphia.

ROYAL PROMISES. Four tiny square books
with paper covers of purple and gold, and
containing thirty-one promises of God—
one for each day in the month. These are
printed in panels and scrolls with floral
embellishments. Price 10 cts. each. Amer-
ican Tract Society.

PRE-GLACIAL MAN AND THE ARYAN RACE.
By Lorenzo Burge. Boston: Lee & Shep-
ard. 1887. Pp. 272. Price \$1.50.

The author of this book professes to give
"a history of creation, and of the birth-
place and wanderings of man in Central
Asia, from B. C. 32,500 to B. C. 8,000, with a
history of the Aryan race, commencing B. C.
15,000, their rise and progress, and the pro-
mulgation of the first revelation; their spiri-
tual decline, and the destruction of the
nation, B. C. 4,705; the inroad of the Tur-
anians, and the scattering of the remnant of
the race, B. C. 4,304, as deciphered from a
very ancient document." Also an exposition
of the law governing the formation and
duration of the Glacial Period, and a record
of its effects on men, and on the configura-
tion of the globe. A chapter on the Deluge;
its cause, locality and extent; and an ac-
count of the 'Jannes Myth.' The author
regards the early chapters of Genesis as an
allegory, containing a marvelous history,
which, though in the possession of man for
six thousand years, has been hitherto con-
cealed from all, because it is written in
cipher. Somehow he has found the key,
and in this volume he attempts to decipher
and make plain the history therein recorded.
As far as the book claims to be an interpre-
tation of Genesis, it has no value. Like
every other allegorical interpretation, it is
not *exposition*, an unfolding of the sense of
Scripture, but *imposition*, a foisting of a
sense upon Scripture. The author himself
says he has called in geology, astronomy,
history and the truths of human nature to
aid the allegory which forms only skeleton
pictures of the period; that is to say, he has
a ready-made theory derived from extra-
Biblical sources, which he then reads into the
Biblical text. He is doubtless honest, but
certainly mistaken.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of
Littell's Living Age for the weeks ending
December 10th and 17th contain—Ralph
Waldo Emerson, Westminster Review; A
Teacher of the Violin, by J. H. Short-
house, Macmillan's Magazine; Realism and
Romance, Contemporary Review; Sugar-
Making in Demerara, Month; Looking
Backwards, Temple Bar; Rabbit Crusading,
Chambers' Journal; Count Beust, Quarterly
Review; In an Old Chateau, Temple Bar;
The Castle of Vincigliata, Blackwood's;
Secret Societies in the Two Sicilies, Fort-
nightly; A Peculiar People, Longman's
Magazine; Lord Carteret, Temple Bar; The
Oxus Bridge, St. James's Gazette; with instal-
ments of "Richard Cable, the Lightship
man," Poetry and Miscellany.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large
pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year)
the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for
\$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of
the American \$4.00 monthlies or weeklies
with the Living Age for a year, both postpaid.
Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Married.

At the home of the bride's father, Robert
A. Poore, Agt. Belvidere Division of Penna.,
R. R., on December 8th, by Rev. J. Calvin
Leinbach, assisted by Rev. B. B. Ferer, Mr.
Stewart C. Bachman to Miss Olivia Poore,
both of Riegelsville, Pa.

Obituaries.

Obituaries to be inserted must be no longer
than three hundred words.

DIED.—At Nazareth, Pa., on the 3d inst.,
Mrs. Mary Jane Smith, wife of the Rev. Mar-
tin A. Smith.

Mrs. Smith was a daughter of George and
Anna Meyer. She was born in Dauphin
county, Pa., November 1, 1835. On the 5th
day of April, 1836, she was dedicated to the
Triune God in holy baptism, her parents
being the sponsors. The baptismal act was
performed by Rev. H. Kroh, pastor of Leb-
anon and affiliated congregations.

When about six months old her parents
moved to Centre county, and after living a
short time in Brush Valley they located at
Bellefonte. Here they remained some five
or six years. Rev. E. Kieffer of blessed mem-
ory was then the pastor of the Reformed
church at that place.

Afterwards they removed to Cedar Run in
Clinton county, Pa. Here she grew up to
womanhood. In 1849, she with an older
brother and sister, attended a course of
catechetical lectures under Rev. William R.
Yearick, and in May or June was by the rite
of confirmation received into full mem-
bership of the Reformed church at Salona.

Later she attended for some time the Jack-
sonville Female Seminary, of which Rev.
Cooper, of the Presbyterian church, was
principal. Of her school days at Jackson-
ville she had many pleasant memories.

In 1853 her parents moved to Millheim,
Centre county, Pa. Here on the 21st of
March, 1854, she was joined in holy wedlock
to Rev. M. A. Smith, then pastor of the
Aaronsburg charge, Rev. C. H. Leinbach,
D.D., officiating. After her marriage she
lived for two years and a half at Aarons-
burg. In the fall of 1856 her husband re-
ceived a call to a charge in Dauphin county,
and so she spent the next ten years of her
life in Hummelstown, Pa. In the fall of
1866 he became pastor of the Dryland
charge, in Northampton county, Pa. For a
short time the family lived near Hecktown.
In the spring of 1867 they came to Nazareth
where she closed her earthly life.

She was the mother of nine children—four
sons and five daughters. Three of her
children, the two oldest and the youngest,
preceded her to the heavenly world. Three
sons, Calvin, George and Charles, and three
daughters, Bertha, Mary and Blanche, sur-
vive her. Her youngest son is now at Col-
lege at Lancaster, preparing for the minis-
try.

Mrs. S. was called to pass through many
severe sufferings and trials. From her tenth
to her thirteenth year she was afflicted with
inflammatory rheumatism and palpitation of
the heart, and was more than once thought
to be at death's door. This, no doubt, laid
the foundation for the heart trouble from
which she suffered so much in later years.

Still from her fourteenth year on till after
the birth of her youngest child, fourteen
years ago, she enjoyed, with a few excep-
tions, good health. At that time she had a
severe attack of peritonitis, and was appar-
ently at the point of death; yet it pleased
God in His great mercy to restore her again.
But she never regained her former good
health. In the spring of 1881, after suffering
from poisoning in which the whole family,
with one or two exceptions, were mysteri-
ously involved, she was attacked by a heart
trouble; a year later this was renewed. One
year ago she had an attack of rheumatism
which greatly aggravated her heart trouble.
The whole of last winter she was confined to
the house and most of the time to her room.
Towards fall she seemed to rally and to grow
some what stronger.

On Wednesday morning preceding her
death, about 1 o'clock, she took a chill, but
by hot applications this was removed, and
she fell asleep again. About 8 o'clock she
arose and came down stairs, but was soon
obliged to take her bed again.

The family physician was called; who,
however, apprehended no immediate dan-
ger. During the following night she slept
reasonably well, and during the next day she
seemed better. In the evening she relished
her food more than she had done for several
days. After supper her husband sat with her
in the room where she lay conversing with
her, when all of a sudden he noticed that
she had a spasm, and before he could get to
her bedside she had become unconscious,
and remained so till she died. The physi-
cian now diagnosed Bright's disease, and by
investigation found his diagnosis to be cor-
rect. She lay in a comatose state until
Saturday morning, December 3d, when, at
twenty minutes past three o'clock, it pleased
God to release her from her sufferings. She
died without a struggle, gently falling
asleep.

Mrs. S. was an affectionate and devoted
wife, and a kind and loving mother. She
loved the services of the sanctuary and
especially the service of song, and it was a
great sacrifice to her that during her last
years she was so often denied the privilege
of attending God's house. She sought to
bring up her children in the fear and love of
God both by precept and example. She was
of a cheerful and hopeful disposition, always
looking at the bright side. She was of a
retiring disposition, and on this account as
well as on account of the cares of a large
family and her infirmities, the circle of her
acquaintances was not large, yet "none
knew her but to love her." Her age at the
time of her death was 52 years, 1 month and
a day.

I will only add that Mrs. S. had pious
parents, who brought her up in the fear of
God, and taught her to love His word and
worship. Her father is still living near the
State College in Centre county, and is in his
82d year, her mother having died nearly 14
years ago.

Mrs. Smith was buried on Wednesday,
December 7th, at 1.30 P.M. The services at
the house were attended to by the Rev. Mr.
Kuhns, of the Lutheran church, and those in
the church and at the grave by the brethren
Reinecke, Wolbach and Heisler. A very
large number of friends and acquaintances
were present to testify their esteem for the
departed.

X. Y. Z.

DIED.—At Hagerstown, Md., November
21st, 1887, Mrs. Clara Zeller Funk.

The deceased was the youngest daughter
of the late John Zeller, Esq., near Clear-
spring, Washington county, Md., and wife of
Jacob J. Funk, of Hagerstown.

She leaves behind her to mourn her loss a
beloved husband, and an affectionate and
tender daughter, just at the age to feel a
mother's loss, and the need of her guiding
care; an aged mother and two sisters, with
a wider circle of kindred. Her life was a
sweet and lovely one, with a smile for all
and a word of cheer. She was educated at
the Female Seminary at Bordentown, N. J.,
and at the Female Seminary, in part, of
Hagerstown; returning to her home from
school, in the buoyancy of youth, and
radiant with hope, the picture of health,
which gave promise of a long and useful
life.

In the midst of her youthful years she
consecrated herself to the service of her
Saviour, and remained a consistent and de-
voted member of the Reformed church till
her death. She entered wedded life with
her now sorrowing husband fourteen years
ago; short career but one of many pleasant
memories. Possessed of an easy and grace-
ful style, a pleasing address, a dignified de-
meanor, and an unassuming modesty, which
made her the light of home, and won for her
the love of all who knew her.

She was a sufferer for some years by a
disease which finally baffled all medical
skill, which she bore in a meek, patient,
Christian spirit, till she fell asleep in Jesus.
All was done by loving ones that could be
done, and yet death came, and we could but
take up the mortal remains of her loved
form, and with sorrowful hearts and tearful
eyes, lay her to rest in the silent bed, sancti-
fied, guarded and inspired with the resurrec-
tion hope of Him who has said "them that
sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." With
the blessed assurance she is not lost,
but gone before, let us pray for grace to be
enabled to meet her in those heavenly man-
sions, where all tears are wiped away from off
all faces. One day the mysteries of Divine
Providence will be clear, and we shall know
He did all things well.

"Thou God of love! beneath Thy sheltering
wings
We leave our holy dead.
To rest in hope! From this world's suffer-
ings
Their souls have fled.
Oh! when our souls are burdened with the
weight
Of life, and all its woes,
Let us remember them, and calmly wait
For our life's close!"
G.

Religious Intelligence.

Home.

For some years the authorities of a Roman Catholic church in Lucerne, Switzerland, have allowed Presbyterian visitors to hold two services on Sunday during the harvest season in their church.

The Catholic Standard has received a cablegram from Rome, announcing that Rev. Thomas McGovern, rector of St. Joseph's church, Danville, Pa., has been appointed to the See of Harrisburg, as successor to the late Bishop Shanahan.

The finest church edifice in Albany, Ga., is the one now being built by the negro Methodist Episcopal church there. The congregation comprises the negro aristocracy of the place, an aristocracy said to be based "more upon education, refinement, and morality than upon pecuniary success."

Rev. Dr. E. P. Humphrey, one of the oldest and most distinguished ministers in the South, died last week at Louisville, Ky. Dr. Humphrey was regarded as one of the ablest men in the Presbyterian Church. He was born at Fairfield, Conn., in 1809. His father was President of Amherst College, where Dr. Humphrey was graduated in 1828.

Catholic circles in Chicago are much elated over the notification which is said to have reached the hands of Archbishop Feehan, in connection with the proposed elevation of Vicar-General Conway, of the Archdiocese, to the prelate. The Pope will confer the mitre on the popular and venerable priest, it is reported, on Christmas or New Year.

The Rev. Dr. Alberigh Mackay, Senior British Chaplain, Paris, has come to America for the purpose of interesting Churchmen in the important work of Pere Hyacinthe. Dr. Alberigh-Mackay has had many years' experience in the movement inaugurated by the latter. He comes to this country with the full sanction of the English and American Bishops who have been connected with efforts to sustain the Old Catholic reform in France.

The pastors of Chicago have addressed the following to the proprietors of the public press in the United States: "The Sabbath is the dividing line between Christianity and heathenism. It is the bulwark that shields our Christian civilization against anarchy, and every influence that tends to weaken the power of the Sabbath over the public conscience endangers the stability of republic institutions. The business of publishing and selling newspapers on the Sabbath is in open violation of our State laws. We therefore respectfully request you to discontinue the publication of newspapers on Sunday."

Fowler Hall, the new dormitory of McCormick Theological Seminary of Chicago, was dedicated November 17th. It contains sixty-five suites of rooms, the design being that each student shall have two rooms. There is a bowling alley and fine baths attached. The main entrance to the building is very beautiful, the sides being made of polished granite and Lisbon marble with a dado of porphyry. This entrance alone cost \$6,000, and the cost of the whole building was \$250,000. The money came from the estate of Cyrus McCormick, and added to past gifts makes a total of \$800,000 which the Seminary has received from Mr. McCormick and his family. Mrs. McCormick's maiden name was Fowler, and the new hall is named in her honor.

The United States Evangelical Alliance has suggested the following topics for the week of prayer, January 1-3, 1888. Sunday, January 1st, sermons, "Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh."—*Luke, xxi: 28*. "The end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer."—*1 Peter iv: 7*; Compare *Rom. xiii: 12*; *1 Cor. vii: 29*; *Eph. v: 16*. Monday, January 2d, "Thanksgiving;" Tuesday, January 3d, "Confession;" Wednesday, January 4th, "Prayers for Families and Schools;" Thursday, January 5th, "Prayer for the Church of God;" Friday, January 6th, "Prayer for Missions;" Saturday, January 7th, "Prayer for nations;" Sunday, January 8th, sermons, "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."—*1 Cor. xv: 58*.

The German Methodist work in the United States at present includes eight Conferences, the eighth having been established last month by Bishop Fowler at Minneapolis, Minn. Besides these, there are German Districts connected with the Oregon, California, and South Carolina English Conferences. Summarizing the latest statistics of these Conferences and Missions, we find that there are in German Methodism to day, 625 traveling and 475 local preachers; 52,886 members and probationers; 746 church buildings; 397 parsonages; and 49,348 Sunday-school scholars. The church property of German Methodism in this country is valued at \$3,083,000, exclusive of the property of two orphanages and five educational institutions. The reports on benevolent collections are equally gratifying, and altogether there is indicated a material as well as spiritual growth in the Church.

Foreign.

A bishopric of Monaco has been erected by the Pope, and a cathedral is to be erected.

A General Conference on Foreign Missions is to be held in London, June 9-19, 1888. It is expected that delegates will be present from all the mission fields of all the denominations.

Foreign papers say that, in accordance with a desire of Pope Leo XIII, a new edition of his work on the *Duty of Humility* will be published in English, French, German, and Spanish, as well as in Italian.

The English Church receives in tithes about \$20,000,000 per year. Of this amount one-fourth goes to the support of hospitals, schools and for church buildings, and the other three fourths to pay the salaries of the clergy.

In his recent charge the Bishop of London stated that in his Diocese the average number of persons present at Sunday morning services had been 200,890, at Sunday evening services 205,496; the average number of communicants 47,714, though there were 99,000 at Easter. There were 81,894 baptisms and an average of 2,047 services on each Sunday.

The French Protestants have been celebrating with special solemnity the centenary of the Edict of Toleration which was passed in their favor by Louis XVI in 1787. There was a solemn service in the Church of the Oratory in Paris, which was numerously at-

tended. Pastor Viguie delivered an eloquent historical sermon, in which he described the sufferings of the members of the Reformed Church before the Edict was promulgated.

The English "University Extension Scheme" was established fifteen years ago. Beginning with three courses of lectures and nearly 8,000 students, it provided last winter 100 courses of lectures in 69 towns, besides 60 courses in London, and at these lectures there was an attendance of about 20,000. In this way the universities are doing a great missionary work and showing that they are, to some extent at least, alive to their responsibilities to the nation at large.

The Truro Cathedral is the first new cathedral which has been built for a new diocese in England during the last eight hundred years. The consecration services were attended by the Prince of Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury, several peers and numerous bishops. The Archbishop who preached the sermon, wore his scarlet robe and train which was supported by "two little acolytes clad in scarlet cassocks and dainty surplices of lawn, and wearing tiny scarlet caps upon their heads."

The London Freeman, organ of the English Baptists, says that if Mr. Spurgeon's statements concerning the condition of "Non-conformist churches are anything like a fair representation of the facts, he is letting slip a grand opportunity of serving his Master." "Certainly," it adds, "the churches of the Union would have welcomed, and would now welcome from him anything fitted to quicken our spiritual life, deliver us from worldliness and vanity, and increase the tenderness and the power of our ministry."

The Pope will celebrate his jubilee, the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to the priesthood, January 1-15. On December 31st, the Pope will receive the members of the International Committee, who will present him with a gift of 1,000,000 lire. On January 1st, he will celebrate mass in St. Peter's. On January 2d, he will hold a public reception at the church of San Lorenzo. On the 4th and 5th, he will receive foreign deputations. On the 6th, he will open the exhibition of the gifts presented to his holiness. On the 15th, he will canonize ten saints. His income amounts to \$1,560,000 a year.

BLIND TO ONE'S BEST INTERESTS.

At Titipu, Japan, it was easier to cut a man's head off than to cure him of love. In some parts of America it appears to be more satisfactory to let a relative or friend die of Consumption or Heart Disease than to have him or her cured by a new remedy that some of the old school physicians view with envy and consequent disrespect. Drs. Starkey & Palen, of 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., had many such experiences when they began to introduce their Compound Oxygen Treatment. But the times are greatly changed and their Home Treatment is now cherished in over thirty seven thousand families in this land. Send for a pamphlet explaining its properties. It is mailed free.

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A noted divine, the Rev. J. T. Duryea, D. D., of Boston, writes: "I really think the Pillow-Inhaler is a very great hit, and the man who made it deserves the gratitude of all sufferers. I never slept more soundly, and my voice is better since using it."

W. C. Carter, M. D., Richmond, Va., a well-known physician of regular practice, says: "I believe the Pillow-Inhaler to be the best thing for the relief and cure of lung troubles that I have ever seen or heard of."

H. E. Aldrich, M. D., 159 South 10th St., Philadelphia, says: "I have used the Pillow-Inhaler in my practice, and I find it to be one of the best things for diseases of the respiratory passages."

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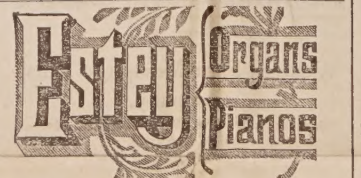
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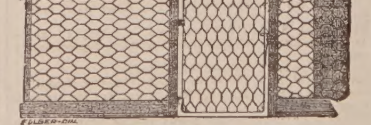
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